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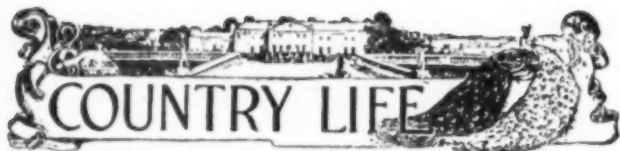
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MISS CHINTY LOCKWOOD.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

\*.\* With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published an illustrated Motor Supplement, dealing with the Olympia Motor Exhibition, and including a table giving the mechanical details of the Cars exhibited.

## BEEF AND ARGENTINA.

ALTHOUGH everybody is aware in a general way of the immense advance in production made by the Argentine Republic during the last quarter of a century, it is unlikely that few realise the extent to which this country is a buyer. The facts have been pointed out by a correspondent of *The Times* and emphatically backed up by a leader-writer in the same journal. They should be studied in connection with a communication which appears in our own "Agriculture" columns this week. The fear of the Beef Trust which has taken possession of our contemporary cannot truthfully be called ungrounded, and it has a magnificent field for operation in the Argentine. From officially compiled statistics we learn that of a total of ten million pounds' worth of beef arriving in England annually, six million come from the Argentine; and it is probably not far from the truth to say that no other country sends us an equal amount of foodstuff. It is taking the place of the United States, which has now to reduce its exports owing to the increase of its own consuming power. The Argentine is not a British colony, of course; but Englishmen have reflected, not without satisfaction, on the fact that the development of the country has to a large extent been carried out with the aid of British capital. It is estimated that British investments in the Argentine cannot be less than two hundred and fifty millions. This in itself would, one would think, supply a sufficient reason for closely watching the operations of the American Beef Trust in the Republic. The methods and objects of that body are now familiar to us all. They consist, in the first place, of obtaining full control of the industry, and this is effected with a prodigal expenditure of capital if that be necessary. The object of the control, of course, is to enable them ultimately to fix the price to the consumer. This would affect England in more ways than one.

It is no part of the policy of the American Beef Trust to encourage the production of the highest class of meat; indeed, their operations are all based on the assumption that the stuff dealt with will be only mediocre in quality. So far, however, the Argentine farmers have recognised that if they are to keep the

English market they must produce a very high quality of meat; hence they have been the best customers for the pedigree livestock which now forms so important a feature in English farming. Among the incidental interests that this Trust would affect if they got possession must be numbered the stoppage of this important branch of trade. There would be small profits for the Beef Trust if cheapness of production were not studied. The previous history of the body has shown, too, that to gain their end they do not confine their exertions to any one article. If it suited their purpose they would bring within the range of their operations the whole of the food exports of the Argentine. That they are preparing for an important campaign is proved beyond a shadow of a doubt. Why, else, should they have secured the command of the refrigerating industry? It is the key to the position. And they have just issued new shares so as to get command of an immense amount of capital. Now they have issued the shares, there can be no doubt of the end they have in view. This is, put briefly and baldly, to dictate at once the quality of the beef sold in the British market and its price. The question to consider, then, is what steps can be taken to combat so injurious a proceeding. The time has long gone by when anyone would defend the working of such a Trust as a piece of energetic commercial enterprise. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt commanded the assent of the civilised world when, in measured and deliberate language, he denounced the Trust as a menace to all that is best in modern life. One way in which it can be met is by competition from other parts of the world. Our correspondent, Mr. A. T. Matthews, whose knowledge of the provision market is unsurpassed, dwells on the importance of an event that took place last week. This was the arrival of the first cargo of chilled beef from Australia. It was an experiment that proved highly successful, and gives ground for the expectation that there will soon be an immense development in Australian beef production. At a superficial glance this may only look like more competition for the British farmer. We have had so much experience lately of over cheap food that the opening up of fresh supplies leads the farmer to be apprehensive of a decline in the value of his own produce. In this case the fear will probably turn out to be unfounded. Chilled beef from Australia will not come into serious competition with that which comes from the English homesteads. It will, however, be set against frozen beef from the Argentine and the United States. The consumer who prefers a cheap Colonial or foreign meat will make his choice between chilled beef and frozen beef. He will not have much cause for hesitation, as the chilled beef will be at once of better quality than the frozen and about 1½d. a pound cheaper.

Whether we should trust on every occasion to natural causes is doubtful. We know that in the United States the ordinary law of supply and demand has not been sufficient to upset the calculations of those who engineer the Trusts. No economist that we know of has endeavoured to make the slightest apology for the working of Trusts; and had Mr. Roosevelt remained in power a little longer, it is pretty certain that he would have submitted to the American legislators some measure for counteracting their baleful influence. In England we are not without examples of the work that they have done. They take an article that has previously been manufactured by many different firms, each with a brand and a standard of excellence of its own. In many cases they continue to attach to the goods the trade mark or brand by which they have been known in the past; but there is a marked deterioration in quality owing to the fact that the manufacture is conducted on a great scale. We have one particular article in mind which we have purchased ourselves, and have found so inferior that it has been necessary to find the name of a manufacturer who did not belong to the Trust. Other purchasers were found on enquiry to be following the same course, and the result in this case was that the productions of the Trust were universally viewed with suspicion, and shopmen began to find that they could best recommend their goods by declaring them to be manufactured by an independent firm. Unfortunately, the Trust takes steps to curtail even this small amount of freedom. The dealers are encouraged to take shares in it, and their qualms of conscience are set at rest by the payment of 10 per cent. or 15 per cent. on their investment. Look at the matter how we will, it seems that very strenuous treatment is required to nullify the ill-effect of this modern means of making money.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Chinty Lockwood, daughter of Mr. Robert Lockwood, who is to be married to Mr. Chandos de Paravicini on November 18th.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY NOTES.

ON Tuesday the birthday of King Edward VII. was celebrated with the cordial loyalty with which his subjects regard the most popular Sovereign of the day. It is a happy reflection on their part that, although now approaching the three-score and ten spoken of by the Psalmist, he is still alert and hale. Perhaps it is not too much to assume that his good health is in some measure due to the partiality he has always felt for the outdoor pursuits of an English country gentleman. His interests in sport and agriculture have taken him much more into the open air than is the case with some Sovereigns to be named. His Majesty's birthday was spent very much in the style of a country gentleman. He and his guests went out shooting: partridges in the morning, and were in the enjoyment of excellent sport when the day was clouded over by the sudden death of Mr. Montague Guest, described in the *Court Circular* as "an old and valued friend of Their Majesties." Mr. Guest was not himself shooting, but he had been watching the others, following a short distance behind the line of guns.

Sir John Murray deserves to be congratulated upon the energy with which he has carried out his project for securing a Deep Sea Expedition to the North Atlantic. It will be conducted in a Norwegian ship, and fly the Norwegian flag, but Sir John will be responsible for the financial side. Much interest will be felt, because since the time when the Challenger Expedition was sent out there has been a great advance in the scientific apparatus for the investigation of the depths of the ocean. We all know the thoroughness with which trawlers do their work in the North Sea, and how they have in a very short space of time picked up from 64 to 80 per cent. of the bottles and fish that had been placed in the water for the purpose of observing currents and fish migration. Some extraordinary additions will be made to our knowledge if the hopes of the scientific men are fulfilled and large trawls can be used with an approximately equal result at a depth of as much as three and a-half miles. The Challenger brought up twenty-seven fish in a trawl from a depth of two miles, and a larger trawl has been successfully used by the Michael Sars. What makes this expedition of such importance is the growing feeling that the supply of fish in the sea is not inexhaustible, as was once thought to be the case. The steam trawler has been making tremendous inroads upon the supplies, and one object of the expedition will be to obtain information about the spawning-grounds, and generally speaking the sources of the supply. This is one of the most practical objects, but of course it is not the only one. There are many problems connected with the vegetation and life of the great Atlantic depths on which it may be confidently expected that valuable light will be thrown.

It would seem that the same improvident absence of modern appliances for fire prevention and fire extinction which led to the total destruction of Burleigh-on-the-Hill last year was within an ace of proving fatal to Beaudesert last week. As it is, much damage has been done, and that, unfortunately, to the more interesting section of the house. It is of many periods, and towards the east lie halls and other apartments of the Wyatt Gothic period, which might have been burnt without causing dismay. But the splendid west front, reaching out to the north and south ends, is an extremely fine example of a Jacobean brick building. Most of its first floor is taken up by an immense gallery lit by a central oriel over the main

entrance and by three many-mullioned windows on each side of it. The Jacobean mantel-piece and wainscoting of fine type are retained, but have recently been in the hands of restorers. No doubt the whole woodwork had been originally painted, as was the rule with the richer examples of James I.'s time, and this will account for the discovery, now that the modern plan of removing the paint has been indulged in, that much of the wood is not oak. A good deal was done to the gallery about the time of William III., when Celia Fiennes visited the place more than once, and records her impressions in her interesting Diary. The present ceiling certainly was an introduction of that date, and the rooms to the north of the gallery are delightful apartments of that period lately renovated in excellent taste. It is greatly to be hoped that the fire, which began in the attics of the old portion of the house, has not damaged the rooms we have mentioned. But surely if the servants had been provided with, and taught the use of, the best modern appliances, the fire could have been at once smothered by them, when first discovered in their rooms. Yet we do not hear of anything being done until the arrival of fire brigades. Readiness to deal with an outbreak in its incipient stage is the true and safe method of gaining the victory over the fire fiend.

MUIRNIN NA GRUAIGE BAINE.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

For a year my love lies down  
In a little Western town  
And the sun upon the corn is not so sweet;  
At the chill time of the year  
On the hills where roams my dear  
There is honey in the traces of her feet.

If my longing I could get,  
I would take her in a net  
And would ease my aching sorrow for a while,  
And, though all men say me nay,  
I shall wed her on a day,  
She my darling of the sweet and sunny smile.

I have finished with the plough  
And must sow my seedlands now,  
I must labour in the face of wind and weather;  
But in rain and frost and snow  
Always as I come and go  
I am thinking she and I should be together.

O love my heart finds fair!  
It is little that you care,  
Though I perish in the blackness of my grief;  
But may you never tread  
God's Heaven overhead,  
If you scorn me and refuse my love relief.

All the women of the earth  
I would count them little worth  
And myself alone to have the choice among them;  
For in books I read it clear  
That the beauty of my dear  
It has wrestled with their beauties and has flung them.

ROBIN FLOWER.

A number of very interesting points have to be noted in connection with the fourth annual meeting of the Wensleydale Pure Milk Society, Limited. This company was formed four years ago for the admirable purpose of supplying pure milk to the working-classes in Yorkshire and the surrounding counties. It is not a speculation in the usual sense of the word, as the amount of interest is limited to 5 per cent., and the profits beyond that margin are given as bonuses to the farmers who supply the milk. It is interesting to note that after three years of loss, which they expected, they have at last been able to make a profit and, in the words of the chairman, they have founded a sound trade and are likely to go on making satisfactory profits in the future. In the course of the year the sales of bottled milk increased by over fifty-five thousand bottles as compared with the previous year, while the increase of milk in bulk was forty thousand gallons. New agencies have been opened in Roundhay, Leeds and Hull. The business is chiefly done with co-operative stores, and, of course, this means that the artisans have shown their appreciation of a supply of pure milk.

Very interesting are the steps which have been taken to procure this result. One is the general application of the tuberculin test to cows, and the proportion that showed a reaction was considerably smaller than Professor MacFadyean had estimated for the whole of England, which was 33 per cent. Only 20 per cent. of the Wensleydale cows show traces of tuberculosis. Then, new and improved machinery is employed to wash and sterilise the bottles and other vessels used. In this connection, it may be pointed out that it has been found necessary to go to Germany for the machinery, not because of any greater cheapness there, but because the English



manufacturers, with their customary tardiness, have not yet begun manufacturing this apparatus. The sooner they set about it the better, because it is very evident that the public are becoming much more fastidious in regard to the milk they drink. It is not sufficient for the dairyman to supply a white liquid. In the future, at any rate, it seems extremely likely that the demand for a guarantee of purity will increase. Efforts at the same time are being made to improve the cowsheds in the district, as if the animals are to be kept free from tuberculosis and other diseases, it is obvious that they must be kept in sheds that are absolutely clean and well ventilated.

In the course of a very interesting letter which we have had from Mr. A. Landsborough Thomson, Secretary of the Aberdeen University Bird-Migration Enquiry, he tells us some interesting experiences he has had. They began ringing birds at Aberdeen last winter, and among the returns was that of a wigeon, one of a brood of five marked at Loch Brora in Sutherland, and picked up on September 3rd at Westpolde, Ulrum, Groningen, North-East Holland, about 500 miles to the south-east. During the course of the next few months it is to be hoped that some of our naturalistic readers will be able to obtain and identify a few of the numerous specimens that were marked in connection with this office during the last breeding season. We venture to remind sportsmen especially that it will always be worth while to look at the legs of any birds they shoot for a ring or traces of one. There are several schemes of ring-marking now being carried out, and we shall at all times be glad to publish information connected with any of them.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, speaking on poetry the other night at the Poets' Club, made the bold statement that the tuneful brethren of to-day are, as a celebrated line in the "Castle of Indolence" had it, "more fat than bard beseems." They "take their ease in Zion." In consequence, he says, we have been for thirty or forty years without a supreme national poet. He went on to draw a moving picture, or rather series of pictures, of the impecunious poets of the past: Of Wordsworth living a long life on an income that never exceeded two hundred pounds a year; of Southey supporting a large family on less; of Shelley hustled about from lodging to lodging, or driving a donkey before him, which carried his luggage, his Mary, and his baby; of Rousseau walking across Europe; and of Francis Thompson carrying a sandwich-board in the Strand. These are very sound doctrines of Mr. Hewlett, and as he is a poet himself we hope that the next time he is visible he will be seen clothed in hodden grey and nourishing the Muse on a little oatmeal. Thus would he become a model and exemplar to his degenerate contemporaries.

As the annual meetings are held of one cricket county after another, the financial reports of all seem to have the same sad tale to tell—the balance on the wrong side, owing to the loss of the expected "gate-money" on the many wet days of this summer on which cricket was impossible. One of the reports, that of Gloucestershire, exceptionally, makes mention of another contributory reason for the falling off of the "gates," namely, the unfortunate injury which kept Mr. Jessop out of the field for the greater part of the season. It was peculiarly unfortunate at a moment when the infusion of a little spirit into English batting against Australian bowling was wanted very badly indeed. These, however, are the chances of war and the like glorious games; but it is singular, though, no doubt, perfectly true, that the presence or absence of one player should make such an appreciable difference in the money receipts. It is a familiar state of things in Gloucestershire, where they had the greatest "draw" there has ever been on the cricket-field, Dr. W. G. Grace, for a quarter of a century.

With the approach of winter our thoughts turn to the vegetable supply that is likely to be available. Hitherto this supply has been confined to a few of the coarser members of the cabbage family and the ordinary root crops; but with the wider interest which has been created recently in this branch of gardening the number of vegetables available for use during the winter months has been considerably extended, not so much, perhaps, by the raising of new varieties as by the bringing to notice of the lesser-known kinds. Visitors to the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition on Tuesday last had an opportunity of seeing several exhibits of high-class vegetables, many of which are destined to play an important part in the kitchen during the coming season. A well-stocked kitchen garden and store will now contain, in addition to what may be termed the commoner vegetables, such kinds as mushrooms, salsify, scoronera, chicory or witloof, Chinese artichokes, the better varieties of Jerusalem artichokes and young carrots from seed sown in August last. These, added to such well-known kinds as broccoli, Brussels sprouts, beetroots, onions, leeks, parsnips, turnips and potatoes, give us a highly varied collection to select from, and all those

named can, of course, easily be grown out of doors. The more universal consumption of high-class vegetables cannot have other than a good effect on the community, and it is well to occasionally bring these lesser-known vegetables to notice.

It is curious just at this season—that is to say, in the first warm and hazy autumnal days—to see how the starlings adopt the habits of the swallows and spend as many hours as their wing-power will let them fly hawking in the air. Their flight, as they pursue their prey, is precisely similar, save for the necessary difference imposed by their shorter wings and thicker frames, to that of the birds of the swallow family. There are the same stoppings and turnings, only all is done more slowly, as if with a bovine solidity compared with the cervine grace of the others. On similar days, earlier in the year, in Scotland we may often see the seagulls engaged in the like mode of hunting, and their insect prey at that date consists chiefly of daddy-long-legs. By thus destroying a countless multitude of the children and also the parents of the leather-jackets, they do an infinity of good to the farmer, which may well be weighed in the balance against any evil that the fisherman charges them with on his account. So, too, may these insect-hawking starlings in the autumn plead value given for the cherries of which they have robbed the orchards in the spring.

#### MARTHA CHRISTOPHER.

When I was in service, my mistress was kind,  
And wanted to keep me; but I had a mind  
To live my own life  
As a mother and wife.

So I left her; and wedded one fine Sunday morn;  
And in joy and in sorrow the children were born:  
And early and late  
I toiled with my mate.

Like the rest, we've had troubles; but never lacked bread,  
Nor a hearth of our own, nor a roof overhead:  
And, while we were strong,  
Work never came wrong.

And now that the thick of the day's work is done,  
There's naught to repine till the set of the sun—  
With the children, full-grown,  
Living lives of their own.

W. W. GIBSON.

It is not easy to think that any other County Council could possibly pass a resolution which would give so much general pleasure as that which is recorded as being lately passed by the Lancashire County Council, to the effect that there shall be no more hideous advertisement boards set up in the beautiful neighbourhood of the Lakes, and that those already in position shall be taken down. As Englishmen, we have a great and a right pride in these beauties, and regard them as a national asset and possession of importance; and though we are a nation of shop-keepers, and have every faith in the virtue of advertisement in its right place, we may still be permitted to retain some share of our native artistic conscience. Admitting that, it is impossible that we should not be shocked by the immense advertisement boards, often bearing announcements which are more pleasing from the hygienic than the æsthetic point of view, in the midst of a scenery which would be grandly beautiful were it not for their hateful presence. Emphatically, they are in the wrong place there, and we are exceedingly glad to hear that it will soon know them no more.

It is very right and proper that on the stained-glass windows in the Lady Chapel of Liverpool Cathedral the names of good women should be commemorated, but after reading the little descriptive phrases attached to them, one cannot help expressing a pious hope that the architecture is better than the English. They look like headlines made by a trans-Atlantic sub-editor and revised by a descendant of the late Mr. Moody. One is "Mary Collett and all prayerful women." Was there nobody connected with the Cathedral who would excise that compound of sponge and sugar "prayerful"? It is an abominable word, and appears to be a substitute for the noble adjective "devout." Not less objectionable are, "Elizabeth Barrett Browning and all who have seen the Infinite in things," "Josephine Butler and all brave champions of purity," "Margaret Godolphin and all who have kept themselves unspotted in a corrupt world," "Mother Cecile and all women loving and large hearted in council," "Elizabeth Fry and all pitiful women" and "Susannah Wesley and all devoted mothers." It is difficult to analyse the objection that we take to these phrases, but in addition to being written in feeble journalistic English they convey an impression of cant, as though they were part of the language of Mr. Stiggins, and are likely to make the succeeding generations jeer. It is a great pity that the makers of the Cathedral should so misuse the greatest and noblest of all our heritages, the English tongue.



## RAINSTORMS IN AUTUMN.

FOR a brief day or two in early November the clouds that for months have been hanging over our English landscape broke up into large masses, showed rifts of blue, sailed away or dispersed. Then in the mild sunshine it was possible, with some enjoyment, to walk abroad and note what remained of the "season of mist and mellow fruitfulness." If one were so independent of fortune's

frowns or favours as to regard only the beautiful, the survey would awaken no discontent, save that which comes from not being permitted to watch one of the most interesting changes in the pageantry of the year. Day after day the heavy rains and dark atmosphere have veiled and hidden the progress of the English autumn. Yet the excess of moisture has not hastened but retarded the approach of winter's bareness. In early November the country has the greenness of spring. Where the farmer was lucky enough to get his winter wheat sown early, its tender blades already make a green mantle for the fields; where this could not be accomplished, the ill weeds that grow apace have taken full possession of the fallows. They have been made to flourish by the ceaseless rain and the comparatively high temperature, the close, muggy weather, by which it has been accompanied. And they threaten more trouble in the future. Wherever possible, the best treatment for weeds is to collect them, roots, seeds and plants, annual and perennial, and burn them. Now this year they have not only been allowed to seed without disturbance, but the great river floods, swelling over the stubble and vacant ploughland and pasture, have swept them away to be scattered and sown in other fields. We were, however, speaking at present only of their abundance, and how they combine with the young corn to keep the country-side fresh-looking. The woodlands, too, still maintain a remnant of their summer bravery. Only the ashes and willows are showing a thin foliage, and the ash undergoes little change of colour. Its leaves make no fight against cold. They were hanging green and whole till one night a nipping frost came and ended them. Not at night, but in the morning between eight and nine o'clock did they fall. At that time the sun was shining brilliantly, and as it thawed the frozen leaves they dropped down the windless air in a heavy continuous shower. Decay is staining the beech leaves with brown and gold, but so far it has only darkened the foliage of the oaks and elms. With foliage darkened to the colour of iron they stand like steel-clad armies on the edge of the horizon.

These notes are written after a walk over two farms the management of which we have watched with interest during the past rainy

summer and autumn. One of the men, whom we shall call Jones for the sake of convenience, is going about with a face that grows more tragic daily. On one of his fields the wheat is not yet cut; on another, over which we walked on Saturday, what once looked a fine crop of barley is lying in discoloured and rotting heaps. It is a forty-acre field. What the wild birds leave of this grain will have little



A. B. Webb.

SHADOWS IN THE FLOOD.

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value even for feeding purposes. On a large portion of the holding a dead loss has to be faced, made up of the rent, cost of cultivation, seed and manure. Jones would be exceedingly surprised if told that he was in any way to blame. He is an elderly man of the old school, as you may see by the cut of his dress, which proclaims his age by its retention of the sort of hat, coat and collar that were in favour twenty-five years ago. Time was when he was considered a notable county figure and hunted and shot like

the squire. To his credit be it said, when thin years came he cut down his expenditure, sold his hunter, let his shooting and stopped all expensive entertainment. Often we have found pleasure in his converse, because he is full of weather and animal lore, and remembers many things about old country characters and habits and customs that have long since passed away. Recently, however, his conversation has had only one text, viz., that agriculture is going to the dogs, and his discourse thereon



THE DREARY WATER.





A BRIMMING DYKE.

is mournful and monotonous. Lately he has appeared as one over whom an evil halo is hanging.

What Jones never can understand is how Robinson manages to thrive at his elbow; Robinson is a comparatively young man, say, between thirty-five and forty, who occupies the adjacent farm. Ingenuity cannot suggest a single advantage that one farm possesses over the other. The land is exactly of the same character, and across each flows the same stream, bestowing on each about the same acreage of green meadows and inflicting the

same damage with the floods that have been so plentiful this year. The two follow the same type of agriculture, growing wheat, seeds and potatoes, maintaining a good herd of cattle, but avoiding dairy-work and sheep, for which the land is not suitable. As far as capital was concerned, the original advantage lay with Jones, who at his father's death "came into money" as well as the old man's tenantry, whereas Robinson sprang from trade and was originally meant for it. Whatever he may have now has been made out of the land. Jones thinks he has had the

worst of the luck; but a favourite saying of Robinson's is that "Providence helps those who help themselves." Our own opinion is that the difference arises from management. Take the corn crops as an illustration. In the wettest season there are always a number of fine days, and the problem is how to take full advantage of them. On each farm the number of permanent labourers is nearly the same—that is to say, it is always about ten, sometimes one or two more, sometimes one or two less; but extra help is required for emergencies, and this is where the younger man scores. When he realised the stormy character of the season, instead of economising with the idea of cutting down his losses, he promptly engaged far more hands, at one time having as many as sixty-three on his pay-bill. And he also purchased several more cart-horses. The result has been a striking justification of this bold and vigorous policy. Whenever there was sunshine a small army was turned into the fields reaping and binding and carting and stacking. And the whole was superintended by Robinson himself, who used out two horses daily riding from field to field, like the active, determined little man he is, seeing that every labourer was earning the wage paid to him. The result was that every inch was cut in August, and the last sheaf was carried home during one of the too infrequent glimpses of September sunshine. The extra outlay in labour is more than repaid by the safe garnering of a crop a considerable part of which has already been turned into good money.

And the same story has to be told about the potato. Here, perhaps, Robinson was favoured by good luck. Disease has not touched his crop and it is entirely sold. At the time when a great deal of alarm was felt about this crop, men from Covent Garden and the Borough Market were naturally on the look-out for winter supplies, and they took the entire

produce of this farm, to be delivered as required. It was almost too dark to see when the ingathering of the crop was finished one fine evening in November. A busy scene it was. The mechanical digger was at work in one part of the field, in another men and women were plying their forks and many girls and a few boys were gathering the potatoes, while men with carts and horses carried them to the corner of the field, where, being covered with straw and earth, they will remain in clamps till they are finally screened and cleaned for delivery. The picture was animated and yet not lacking a touch of the pathetic, for to many it meant the end of the last casual job of the year; and when, as is too often the case, a woman has an idle husband and several children to keep with the labour of her hands, she is not highly pleased with the prospect of having to begin the heart-breaking job of seeking work in the dull season. On the other farm there was nothing to correspond to this, for Jones avers that he cannot afford to employ extra hands, and buying horses is out of the question. Yet it is the active policy that pays. As we have said, the addition to the labour bill is more than covered by the extra return, and the horses will, no doubt, be sold for as much as was given for them, probably a little more, as Robinson is a clever buyer.

What is expected in this climate during October is an occasional heavy gale. A downpour of rain, even a flood, is taken as a matter of course; but the long succession of rainy days has no parallel in the memory of the oldest. It has laid the foundation of a bad time in 1910, for neither sowing nor cleaning can be carried out as efficiently as it ought to be, yet the occurrence which we have tried to describe from actual life shows that skill and energy may greatly reduce the force of the disaster, even if complete escape from it does not come within the range of the possible.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### THE LATEST MARKET SENSATION.

THE meat trade world was stirred to its depths last week by the arrival of the first cargo of chilled beef from Australia, and the event was considered of sufficient importance to be worthy of columns of space in some of the London daily papers. It is not everybody who knows the difference between "chilled" or "refrigerated" beef and frozen, but there is a very wide difference, both in quality and flavour and price obtainable. The latter is about 1½d. per pound in the London market, which means something like £4 on a moderate-sized carcase. It will be seen at once what this must mean to our kinsmen in Australia, and probably to New Zealanders also. This first consignment was of the nature of an experiment; but it was highly successful, and great expectations are being indulged in of a wonderful development in Australian production to follow. From the patriotic, or perhaps we should say Imperial, point of view such a result must be heartily welcomed. It will put our own Colonies in a far better position for competing with Argentina and the United States; it will put a big spoke in the wheel of the American Trusts and provide British consumers with a larger supply of superior beef. Superior, that is, when compared with frozen. These, I submit, are all good things, for very few will regret to see a limit placed to the power of the Trusts, which threaten the world with a monopoly. But the question many will be asking is, "How will it affect British farmers and the price of their beef?" I do not think we need be at all alarmed on their account. For some time to come every pound of chilled beef from our Colonies will only displace the same quantity of frozen and will make no difference to the average supply. As regards the two processes of freezing and chilling, it is well known that 32deg. is the great dividing line, and when food is exposed to a freezing temperature it loses much flavour and still more of its nourishing properties. Chilling means that the minimum temperature employed is about 34deg. This seems but a narrow margin, but it is enough to place the meat so treated in quite a superior class. It occupies, in fact, about a middle rank between fresh-killed and frozen meat, but very rarely

approaches the former in value. The trade is, of course, far more risky than in "hard" or frozen beef, and consignments



MANURING IN AUTUMN.



occasionally get caught by the weather after leaving the cold chambers of the ship, and severe losses are incurred. Values are, therefore, more sensitive and sometimes fluctuate violently; but never have I known these sudden movements to affect the price of British beef one way or the other. Here we have the practical answer to the question asked, and, to the best of my belief (to use the fashionable phrase), British cattle-breeders and graziers "may sleep securely in their beds" so far as Australian chilled beef is concerned. It may be said that we shall have to face largely increased supplies, as greater profits will stimulate production in the Colonies. Undoubtedly they will do so; but the past history of the foreign meat trade affords many instances of these alarms, which have, one after another, proved groundless. The world's consumption is keeping well abreast with the growing number of its cattle, and if production were to remain without acceleration there would indeed soon be a meat famine. What the British farmer has to learn from these successive improvements in the quality of imported meat is the necessity for putting his own house in order, and for his striving his utmost, by improving the breeding of his cattle and by liberal yet economical feeding, to keep ahead of his competitors abroad. If he stands still he will surely give them all advantages which it will be difficult to regain.

A. T. M.

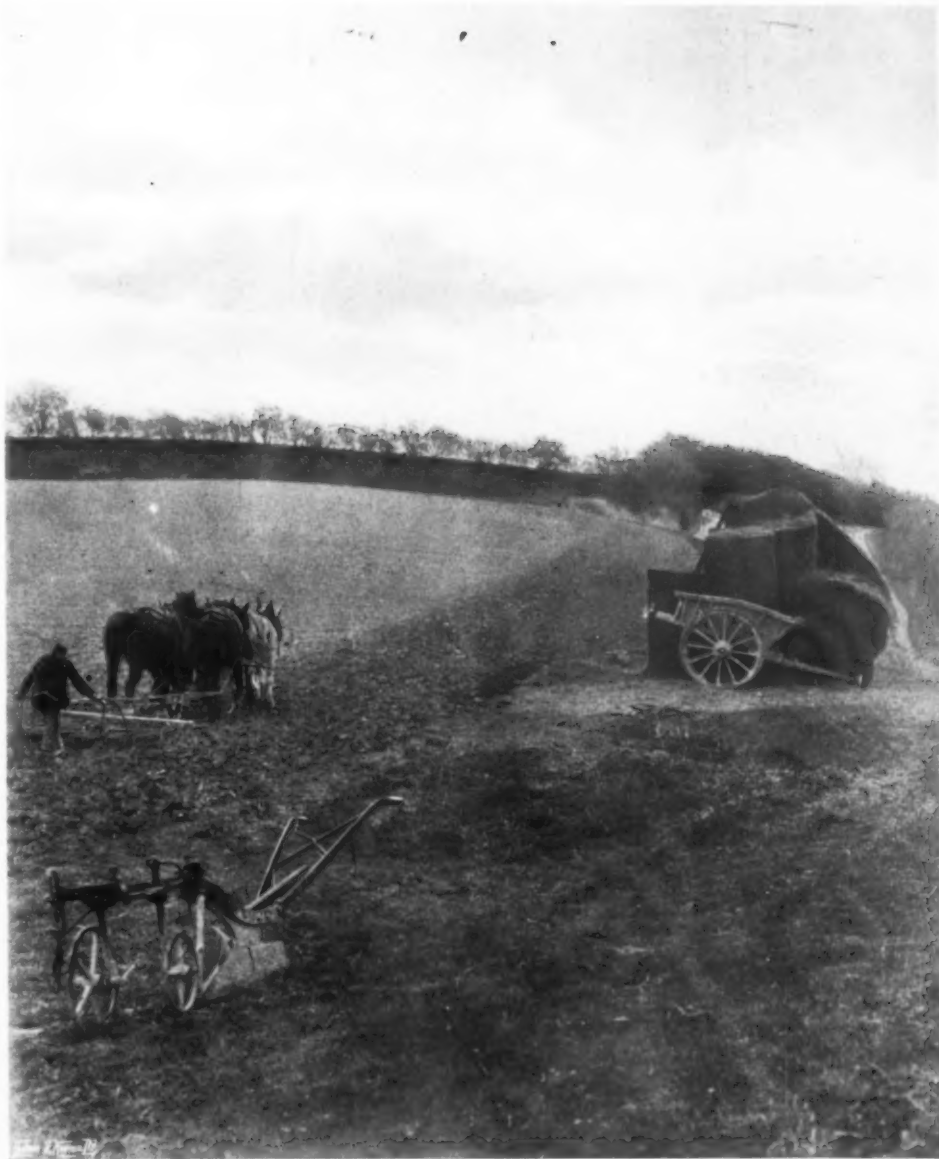
## MOTIVE POWER FOR THRESHING.

WITH few exceptions, every arable farm on the Border possesses a fixed threshing-machine. The first attempts at securing driving power were by the provision of large ponds, fed by streams, for turning water-wheels. These were superseded by steam engines of various types. Now the oil engine is rapidly taking the place of steam. For a number of years after their introduction oil engines were considered unsuitable for farm threshing; but many improvements have been made, and they now possess advantages which commend them to farmers. They occupy much less space, which is a great consideration; they can be got into running order in fifteen minutes instead of the hour or more which was requisite for getting up steam, and the cost of the oil for a day's work is very much less than that of coal. The chief drawback, up to a year or two ago, was that in order to start the oil engine the flywheel had to be pulled round by hand. This was an exceedingly dangerous operation, and it prevented many people adopting oil who otherwise would have done so. But this difficulty has been overcome. By means of a compressed air arrangement the engine is started on the turning of a small lever. I had the opportunity recently of inspecting a new installation of threshing plant on a large arable farm. It is so arranged as to secure the greatest economy in the matter of labour and general working cost. The oil engine is a 25 h.p. Blackstone using crude petroleum, which costs about 3s. per day. The threshing-machine is of the semi-portable type. The two together, with fixing, cost £300. The sheaves are tossed from the cart into a carrier in the sheaf loft, which deposits them at the feeding-in table. One man, stationed there, feeds them into the machine. The corn, by means of elevators and spouts, is conveyed to various points in the barn and granary, according to the kind of it and the use to which it is to be put. The chaff is blown direct into the mixing house, where it is prepared for feeding purposes, and the straw, tied into bundles by a mechanical buncher, is delivered on to carts for conveyance to the stack or cattle courts. An enormous saving of labour is effected as compared with the methods of even fifteen years ago.

J. C.

## OF EQUAL VALUE.

Men often look at the same matter from different points of view. At the judges' luncheon of the first Bristol Corn and Root Show, Alderman Twigg, chairman of the Docks Committee, expressed himself as follows: He admitted that the greater the prosperity of the land, the greater the prosperity of all other interests. In the matter of grain importation, every pig in the districts surrounding Bristol was as useful to the Docks Committee as a human. That reminded him, by the by, of the complaints he had heard of the high price of imported bacon, and he wondered why neighbouring farmers did not lay themselves out to supply in some measure the needs of a large population like Bristol, because at present prices there seemed to be money in it. There is no doubt that the English farmer could and would, despite swine fever restrictions, produce many more pigs than he does. But it will be well to consider why he does not, and that is because he has invariably lost money in doing so; directly the numbers increase the prices become "slumpy." Pigs are too heavy, too thick in back fat, too soft in the lean, and a dozen other little items are put forward as a basis for a dock by the bacon-curer. At the



THE HARROW AT WORK.

present moment prices of the very finest bacon pigs are but 10s. 6d. per score, or a trifle over 6d. per pound. Where does the value between this and present bacon prices go to? Now, at present, with the prices for imported barley and maize, how much is left to the farmer for breeding, rearing and fattening the pig? Very little. Why are not so many pigs reared? For two reasons, of which the cost is one. It is well known that bran is the very best food for a sow with a young litter. It is practically impossible to obtain a sack of millstone bran. The sow does not in consequence produce such good milk as she formerly did, so the little pigs must go to the trough earlier; formerly there was plenty of skimmed milk, then later it got to separated milk to help piggy on, and it thrived. Now, many small farmers have sold their butter-churn, the separator rusts, while the milk-churn night and morning rattles on the backdoor stones. In consequence, the available food for nourishing a young litter of pigs is small unless it is costly, and so farmers prefer to do away with the pig altogether. No wonder chairmen of Docks Committees like to encourage the pig, being well aware of the fact that it must be both mainly reared and fattened on the produce of other lands that has had to pay dock dues on this side, and the pig's appetite needs some satisfying; but if the pig and the human are of equal value, at any rate the latter in the end should be of greater value, as he can eat the pig. E. W.

## SHOW GOSSIP.

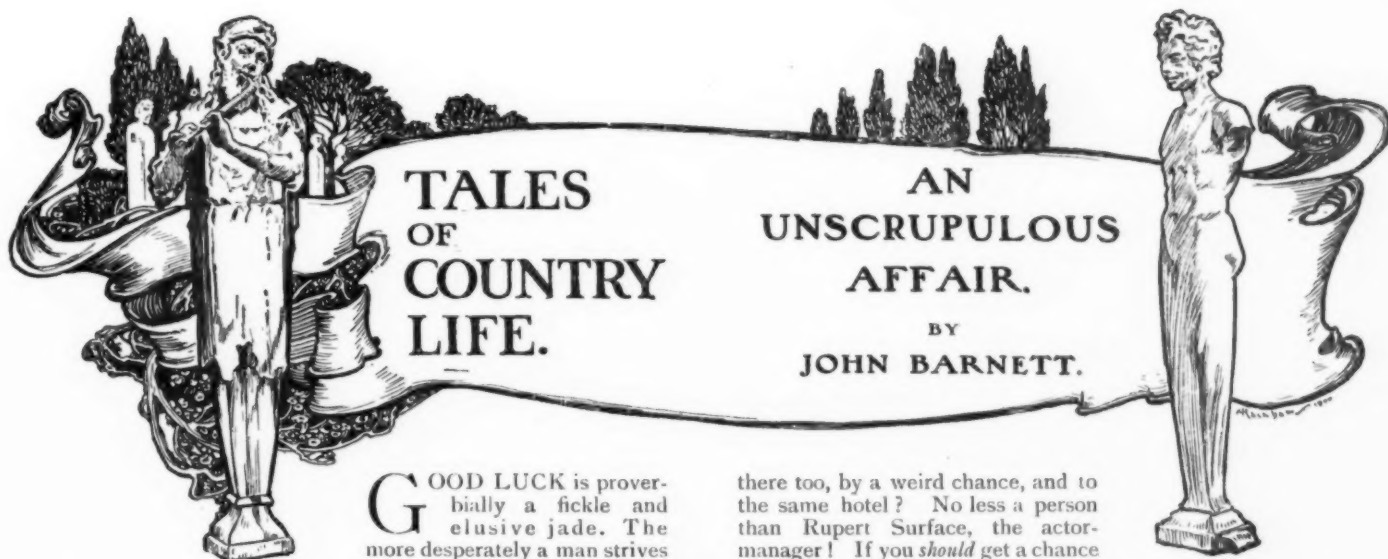
At the last meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society accounts showing the financial result of the meeting at Gloucester were submitted. From them it appears that the loss amounted to £320. It is always disagreeable to find the balance on the wrong side of the ledger; but, as Mr. Adeane pointed out, it is most astonishing that the loss was not much greater, since worse weather for an agricultural show could scarcely be imagined than that which prevailed in the city of Gloucester. Those who remember the figures relating to expenses under the old régime, when the loss more often than not ran into four figures, will be inclined to congratulate the Royal this year on having escaped so lightly. Against this partial failure they have to set many brilliant successes in recent years. Another interesting item relating to the great shows of the year is that the Highland and Agricultural Society was luckier than the Royal, since its show at Stirling produced a surplus of over £1,000. A deputation from the Bath and West Society has been down at Cardiff looking at the proposed site for the exhibition there next year. The members of the deputation were perfectly satisfied with that occupied by the Royal in 1901. This has been placed at the disposal of the local committee through the kindness of Lord Bute.

*M. Arbuthnot.*

AN OUTPOST OF THE FLOCK.

Copyright.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## AN UNSCRUPULOUS AFFAIR.

BY  
JOHN BARNETT.

**G**OOD LUCK is proverbially a fickle and elusive jade. The more desperately a man strives to clutch her flying skirts, the swifter is her flight. And yet sometimes she may be coerced, as this simple narrative goes to prove. But I will ask you to note that it was a woman who contrived to trip up Good Luck and tame her to her ends. A man in the same circumstances could scarcely have done the trick. He would have been foolishly hampered by scruples and prudence and other considerations.

Certainly Good Luck appeared to have her habitation far from the ken of Jimmy Singleton, as upon a certain afternoon in June he awaited the distinguished pleasure of Mr. Rupert Surface, the well-known actor-manager. Journalism was the crutch that supported the steps of Jimmy in his search for daily bread; but such hours as could be spared from that exacting search were devoted to the manufacture of plays—unacted plays. And for long enough there had seemed every prospect that those plays would remain unacted, until Mr. Surface, with a vaguely promising letter, had sent Jimmy almost into a delirium of mad hope. He had read "Diana's Device," and had been rather struck by its crude possibilities, but—but—

After that there had followed interviews, many interviews. Sometimes Mr. Surface would be encouraging, sometimes he would suggest the entire remoulding of the play upon lines very vaguely sketched by himself; but never, never was he definite. Months had drifted by, and now, perhaps for the twelfth time, Mr. Singleton was waiting upon his patron.

The summons came at last, and the author was ushered into the great man's presence. The appearance of Mr. Surface was a pure triumph—of art. Save for a certain incipient flabby puffiness, only to be observed in broad and brutal daylight, you had not guessed his age by a score of years. His teeth were a victory, his hair was a rout—both inflicted upon the destroying forces of Time. His buoyant manner ignored the passing of the years. Clad as ever like the lilies of the field, he presented a curious contrast to the journalist, with his slight shabbiness and his lean, springy strength of frame.

"Ah! dear boy, so glad to see you!" was his greeting and for a while he spoke fluently, for once upon matters unconnected with the boards. As a rule Mr. Surface's conversation gave the impression that he ate and thought and slept in the limelight, with no eyes save for his own figure therein displayed. When the author ventured to bring forward the object of his visit, the great man grew almost peevish: "Plays, dear boy! I'm not thinking of plays for the moment. My doctor says I must give my mind and body a complete rest. He says that no brain can stand the strain I impose continually upon mine. And it's a fact, dear boy, a fact. He's sending me off to the wilds of Ireland for a week or so."

"Can you not give me a definite answer about my play?" Jimmy Singleton asked, bluntly; and only by a great effort of prudence did he restrain his temper.

"Ah, of course, I have a play of your's, haven't I? No, I can't possibly say anything now. Perhaps, when I come back. Why don't you come away with me? I expect you need a change yourself. And they tell me that Achill Island is a change in every sense of the word!"

But Jimmy Singleton thought of his bank balance, and declined the careless suggestion. He made his way out of the august presence, and in his heart were curses black and deep against Rupert Surface and all false-tongued prevaricators. And that evening he wrote a letter to the girl whom, in his utter rashness, he had included in the wilder, more dainty hopes and dreams of his struggling life.

" . . . I hope you are having a great time at Achill," he wrote among many trivialities. "Who do you think is going

there too, by a weird chance, and to the same hotel? No less a person than Rupert Surface, the actor-manager! If you should get a chance of pushing the brute into the sea, darling, think of me and do not spare him! You know I told you that he has been playing round with my play for the last six months? Well, I saw him yesterday and he was rather more brutally vague than ever. And it would mean such a lot to us! Oh, I was a fool to hope. . . . Never mind, dear, and forgive me for whining to you. We will do great things yet. . . ."

The girl who read that letter above a smokily fragrant peat fire had something in her face that might inspire any man to courage. When she had read it, Christine Danvers wandered to the window with compressed lips. Outside the rain was driving steadily before the soft west wind, and the dripping, red-blossomed fuchsia bushes were swaying rather drearily. The hotel faced a great, green, rolling slope of hill that shouldered up to the grey, tender, brooding Irish sky. An outside car had just driven up, and from it a man and his servant were descending with no small amount of bustle. Christine saw the man's face under his soft travelling hat, and recognised it vaguely from the many photographs that had forced themselves upon her notice from the pages of many magazines. But the man himself was looking older and more wrinkled than the kindly photographs had allowed. A stormy passage and a long journey had told upon Rupert Surface. He was almost looking his real age. Christine clenched her slim hands, and wished, with feminine intensity and extravagance, that she could hurt this rather plump, complacent person with the well-cut face who had disappointed Jimmy. . . .

A marvellously rejuvenated Rupert Surface appeared at dinner that night, and made himself exceedingly agreeable to the few occupants of the long table. He sat near Christine and her brother and his wife, and even the former was compelled to admit unwillingly that the man was an admirable talker. True, he was a hardened egoist. But, then, most people are egoists—without being admirable talkers. The actor had been disappointed at the last moment by a friend who was to have accompanied him, and, in consequence, he was compelled to throw himself upon the mercy of the other visitors for entertainment.

"Does it always rain here as it has to-day?" he asked Christine's sister-in-law, with a smile that revealed his admirable teeth. "I ask with real interest, but I should scarcely think it possible. Surely even the Irish climate has its limitations?"

Christine's sister-in-law reflected for a moment.

"We have been here ten days," she answered, gravely, "and so far it has rained every day—sometimes less, sometimes more. But we are comforted by the daily assurance that they have not known such a summer for years!"

Rupert Surface groaned. He had a cat-like horror of getting wet.

"What does one do with one's self?" he asked. "Would that I had never been lured into these barbarous wilds!"

"Oh, one just goes out and gets wet!" Harry Danvers informed him. "You become used to the process wonderfully soon. Besides, there is no alternative. When the landlord speaks about the unusual season and the certain prospects of fine weather, he is merely actuated by loyalty to himself and by the gentle Irish desire to say what his hearer wishes. A local inhabitant told me yesterday in a burst of candour that it generally rains here!"

Rupert Surface groaned again with genuine horror, and sought comfort in a third glass of rather curious champagne.

He was to learn that he had been told the simple truth. For two more days it rained, and for that period he remained indoors. Upon the third afternoon, as he prowled drearily about

the smoking-room, having exhausted all available literature, he was startled by a sudden vivid gleam of brilliant sunshine. He hurried thankfully into the open air, to find that the Irish climate had wrought one of its swift and gracious miracles.

The sun was sparkling as it only sparkles in Ireland after long rain, and dark clouds were scurrying across a sky of palest blue. The ring of hills were no longer black and lowering and of ill omen; they were now soft slopes of tender green, strewn lavishly with a thousand flashing jewels. About their crests there lingered a soft veil of delicate mist that would have told its own tale to an experienced eye. But Rupert Surface knew nothing of Irish weather, that is as fickle and restless and, in spite of all, adorable as the Irish folk themselves. He told himself, with pious gratitude, that it had definitely cleared up at last, and he felt a sudden mad and unusual impulse to scale the conical hill that towered at the back of the hotel.

I can only suppose that the Irish air, which breeds strange and reckless humours, had got into his head. As a rule, Mr. Surface was averse to active exercise. But the west wind was blowing softly, as it only blows in Ireland, and it was scented marvelously with damp, sweet boggy grass and with the very freshness of the sea. That wind has curiously intoxicating properties. The other visitors at the hotel had set off after breakfast, as usual, upon some hare-brained expedition, regardless of the weather, and so, without a companion of any sort, Mr. Surface set himself to climb that hill. He told himself that the view from the top would be "gorgeous—simply gorgeous!"

And so it would undoubtedly have been, had the gods permitted any view at all to be apparent. But Mr. Surface had scarcely noticed that veil of clinging pearly vapour. The going was somewhat heavy, but he stuck to his task quite manfully. There was no need to climb, at any rate at first, in the literal sense of the word, for a tiny track leads almost to the top of the hill. Once, it is true, Mr. Surface noted, with a slight shock of nervousness, that the track led within a foot or two of an almost sheer descent; but after the first glance he resolutely refused to look below. He was rather pleased with his own prowess, and appeared to be making good progress. He was for a time blissfully unaware of the fact that the crest which he saw above him was very far from being the actual top. But when this did dawn upon him he did not falter. Once he slipped upon a rock and his leg descended into an apparently bottomless hole. He realised with a shudder that he had had a narrow escape of a twisted ankle, but he still endured. He saw himself giving moving accounts of his adventures at appreciative luncheon-tables in London. (And, as a matter of sober fact, they were most moving when they came to be told, with certain artistic suppressions!) Wrapped in these pleasing fancies, Mr. Surface never noticed the sky, never saw the great masses of grey and purple sweep up and blot out the blue.

But suddenly it began to rain with steady violence, had the startled Mr. Surface, looking indignantly about him, and the momentary impression that he had been wrapped in a huge grey blanket by some malicious person. The grey mist had swept down and he could not see ten feet on either side of him. Mr. Surface's nerves were far from strong, and his position was undeniably unpleasant. In a few minutes he had entirely lost all sense of direction and in his mind was a horrid memory, that never left him, of that almost sheer descent into the aching depths that had lain upon his right. But now he had lost the faint track, and right and left were words that meant nothing to him. He felt exactly like a lost sheep, and he was conscious of a strong desire to imitate that animal's mournful bleat.

Christine had parted from her relatives after a moist picnic lunch, and had attempted single-handed an ascent of the hill from the other side. She had passed the ink-black pool near the top and had gained the cairn upon the crest without mishap, and then the mist had swept about her. Almost instantly she lost the track, but she possessed a cool head and a most useful sense of direction. She was groping her way downwards with steady caution, when she was suddenly aware of muffled, broken and almost tearful howls proceeding out of the mist upon her right. She turned at once towards the sound, and came upon Mr. Surface stretched upon the boggy turf in quite a pitiable condition.

I would not have you judge Mr. Surface too harshly. I have said that his nerves were far from strong, and it should be remembered that an Irish hill mist is a weird and eerie thing. Strange muffled sounds come out of it, and even the least superstitious people are apt in the utter loneliness, with the distant moan of the sea rising to their ears, to think of the strange spirit folk that are said to haunt those hills. I admit readily that such theories are absurd in a well-lit room . . . but actors are proverbially prone to superstition. Yet I think that Mr. Surface might have retained his manhood, if he had not had the misfortune to set his foot in another hole. This time he found himself prone upon the ground, with the feeling that a red-hot wire was twisted tightly round his ankle. He was already wet through,

and he saw himself condemned to a desolate night upon the hill. . . . And then after endless agony Christine loomed out of the mist. Mr. Surface said, "Thank God!" with quite unusual piety, and Christine said, "Oh! whatever is the matter?"

Mr. Surface pulled himself partially together, and explained that he had sprained his ankle. "Where are the rest of your party?" he asked. "I must get them to help me down somehow."

"I am sorry to say that I am alone," Christine answered. "And I have more or less lost my way myself. Can I do anything for your ankle before I go on? The sooner I get down the sooner I can send help to you."

But the idea of being left utterly alone again within those clinging walls of haunted mist shattered Mr. Surface's nerves once more. There were actual tears in his eyes as he said:

"I—I must beg you to stay with me. I—I am not fit to be left alone. This pain in my ankle makes me feel quite faint, and sooner or later they will send to look for both of us."

"But surely it would be better for us both that I should go—" Christine began, with sound common-sense.

Mr. Surface interrupted her in a broken voice. It should be remembered in his excuse that he was emphatically not an outdoor man.

"I—I cannot be left alone! You must not go! I would give anything—anything in the world rather than spend another hour in this infernal mist without a soul to speak to."

And then an idea came to Christine, with a sudden memory of Jimmy's letter. Oh! I admit that it was utterly wrong of her to seek to take advantage of a fellow-creature's misfortune. But—but women are practical creatures at times, and their very loyalty can make them cruel.

"I don't want to stay a bit," she said, frankly. "But—you say you will give anything to keep me here. Do you really mean it? Will you do me a favour if I stop?"

Mr. Rupert Surface forgot his pains and terrors for a moment, and looked at Christine rather suspiciously.

"Yes, of course—anything in reason, that is," he answered. "What favour can I do you?"

Christine set her lips desperately.

"It seems a queer time to speak of it, but I must," she began. "You are considering a play of Mr. Singleton's. I know that you like the play—any sensible man would—but you won't give him an answer. I want you to—to say you will produce that play!"

Mr. Surface still regarded her, but with wider eyes.

"You amaze me!" he said. "What interest have you in Mr. Singleton, by the way?"

"He is engaged to marry me," Christine answered, simply.

"But this—this is almost blackmail!" Mr. Surface gasped.

Christine did not answer the accusation.

"And—your suggestion is unheard of," Mr. Surface continued. "A—a business matter is not decided in this fashion. I say again that it is perilously near to blackmail."

"I suppose it is," Christine murmured, gently, and—faded into the mist.

Left to himself, face to face with an indefinite prospect of pain and cold and haunted loneliness, the actor-manager made one or two remarks such as only the exigencies of tangled rehearsals were capable of wringing from him as a rule. His listener, standing just out of sight, found herself wishing that she were out of earshot as well. And then her heart, which was naturally very far from being cruel, was moved by a dreadful sound—the sound of a strong man's emotion. Mr. Rupert Surface, in his utter desolation, was actually sobbing.

"Oh! this is too awful. . . . I can't bear it. Why did I ever leave London? I believe my ankle will have to be amputated—if I live to have it done. Miss Danvers, come back! come back! . . . She's gone. Why did I ever let her go? I would give anything in the world to see her back again."

"Would you, really?" asked a demure and gentle voice.

"You see, I have come back."

"Yes, anything, anything!" declared Mr. Surface, desperately. "About that play—I've always liked it, always meant to use it, really. I'll write to young Singleton to-morrow accepting it."

Christine made one step forward impulsively.

"You will really, on your word of honour?" Mr. Surface nodded. "Oh! that is very good of you. And now, I've been rather horrid; but I'm going to try my best to make you comfortable. You must let me take off your boot, and then we will share my ulster. You are shivering with cold. It was mad of you to climb hills in Ireland without being properly dressed."

She removed the boot very gently and skilfully, and then they sat close together with the ulster about them. Miss Danvers produced a damp piece of chocolate, and insisted upon Mr. Surface taking the larger half. The great man was not naturally fond of chocolate, but he ate it with meekness. Miss Danvers said that it was essential that he should keep up his strength.



"You are very good to me," he said, humbly; "and yet you seemed hard-hearted enough a little while ago."

"I want to keep you well," Christine said, frankly. "I want you to be at your best and thoroughly fit, to make Jimmy's fortune and your own out of that wonderful play. I'm—I'm rather fond of Jimmy, you know. I'd like you to think that I'm not naturally a beast!"

Mr. Surface answered, with a quite unusual blend of sincerity and politeness, that he was sure of it, and it is a fact that the strange pair had made great strides in friendship, despite

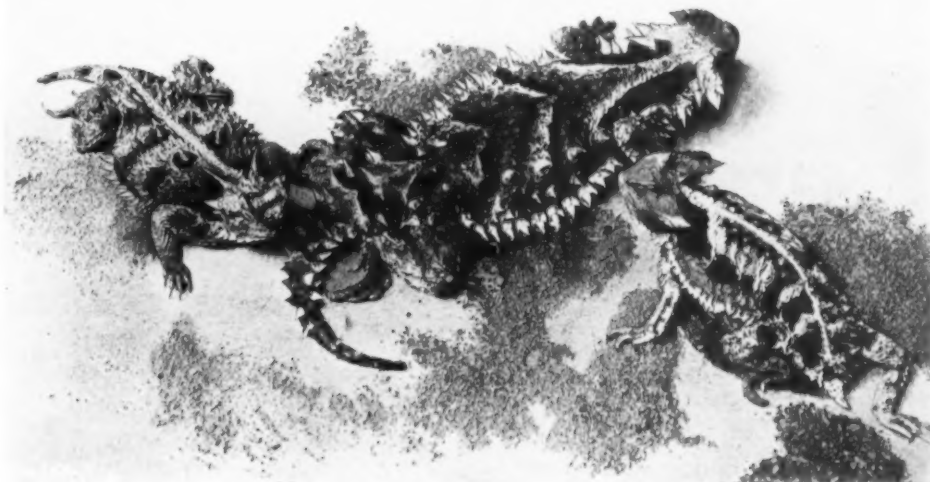
their chattering teeth, by the time that the search party answered their shouts some two hours later.

It may be that Mr. Rupert Surface has appeared to small advantage in this simple chronicle. Let it, then, be recorded in his favour that he adhered honourably to the letter and the spirit of his bond. And for the rest—there is small need to speak of the success that greeted the production of the now world-famous "Diana's Device." But, as I said before, it required a woman to trip up that jade Good Luck in such a drastic and uncompromising fashion!

## HORNED LIZARDS.

**A**FTER bringing before the readers of COUNTRY LIFE a few examples of horned frogs, it may not be without interest to pass on to horned lizards. Of these, a good many are known, but they all fall into three only out of the score of families recognised among the lizards, or Lacertilia, viz., the Iguanids, the Agamids and the Chameleontids. The first two are remarkable in this: that they form parallel series of genera, in each of which similar adaptations to terrestrial and arboreal life recur to such an extent that, but for the character of the dentition, of the mode of implantation of the teeth in the jaws, on which the distinction between the two families is primarily based, one might be tempted to place together, or side by side, the corresponding terms of the two series. Yet no more natural division in classification can be conceived than the Iguanids opposed to Agamids, borne out as it is by their geographical distribution, the former being American, with a few exceptions (in Fiji and Madagascar), and the latter inhabitants of the Old World and Australia. And as a good example of this remarkable parallelism of form, we represent here those curious creatures, the horned lizards, or Phrynosomes, of North America and Mexico and the Moloch of Australia, both types agreeing in their grotesquely clumsy and repulsive appearance.

The Phrynosomes, a name which means "toad-like," have long been known in America by the misnomer of "horned toads," owing to their abbreviated, flattened, toad-like body terminating in a short, or very short, tail. The scaling is most peculiar, the back being covered with granules intermixed with sharply-pointed spines. The head also bears spines, or, rather, horns, which differ in size, shape and arrangement, according



PHRYNOSOMES.

to the species, of which about fifteen are known; these horns consist of a bony core with a horny sheath. In all Iguanids the appendages, whenever present on the head, have such a bony support, while in the Agamids they consist of horn only. The Phrynosomes live in hot, dry situations, delighting to bask in the sun, and burying themselves in the sand towards sunset. They feed on insects, which they capture after the manner of toads, slowly approaching their prey, and then darting their thick viscid tongue with lightning rapidity. Most of them produce live young, but one species at least lays eggs, which are hatched in the sand. At birth the horns are rudimentary and the skin is nearly smooth. Examples of three different species are represented in the first photograph, the largest being *Phrynosoma asio* of Southern Mexico; the one to the right is

*P. taurus*, also from Mexico, and the third is the common *P. cornutum* of Texas. A very curious trait in the habits of these lizards, the object of which is still a mystery, is that of darting a jet of blood from the eye, when molested. This was first observed in California, in the case of three different individuals, and described by Mr. J. Wallace in 1871, and has since been verified by others, but on rare occasions only. Mr. R. L. Ditmars, in his excellent popular work, "The Reptile Book," published two years ago, gives the following account of the phenomenon:

If caught and handled, the average horned toad is rather a spiritless creature. It seldom attempts to bite, although it may vigorously employ the spines of the head in an endeavour to produce injury, which is quite impossible, beyond a superficial scratch. The average specimen shuts its eyes and feigns a state of indifference, or death. Some specimens puff up prodigiously, while others perform to the extreme reverse, flattening the body to such an extent that they seem devoid of internal organs. Occasional specimens, when handled, exhibit a remarkable habit. This consists in the ejection of jets of blood from the corner of the eye. It was after examining several hundred specimens that the writer's inclination to become sceptical about the alleged habit suddenly received a startling reverse. He received an unusually large and fat specimen



LYRIOCEPHALUS: CEYLON.



of a Mexican species—*Phrynosoma orbiculare*—of a rich, reddish hue—almost a crimson. After photographing the specimen it was measured. The latter process seemed to greatly excite the creature. It finally threw the head slightly upward, the neck became rigid, the eyes bulged from the sockets, when there was a distinct sound like that produced if one presses the tongue against the roof of the mouth and forces a small quantity of air forward. This rasping sound, consuming but the fraction of a second, was accompanied by a jet of blood at great pressure. It hit the wall, 4ft. away, at the same level as that of the reptile. The duration of the flow of blood appeared to be about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  sec., and toward its termination the force gradually diminished, as noted by a course of drops down the wall and along the floor to a position almost under the spot where the reptile had been held. The stream of blood seemed to be as fine as a horse-hair and to issue from the eyelid, which was momentarily much swollen. For some time after the performance the eyes were tightly closed, and nothing could induce the lizard to open them. Within two minutes after it was placed on the ground, the protruding aspect of the eyeballs and the swelling of the eyelids had disappeared. Most surprising was the amount of blood expended. The wall and floor showed a course of thickly-sprinkled spots about 1-8in. in diameter. There were 103 of these spots.

The largest *Phrynosomes* do not exceed a length of 8in., and the common species measure only about 4in.

The *Moloch*, *Moloch horridus*, is not uncommon in the central and western parts of Australia, but little is known of its habits, except that it is of sluggish disposition, is met with in the open during the day, lays about eight eggs and feeds chiefly on ants. It is of gentle disposition when handled; the few examples that have been brought alive to Europe have refused food. The photograph shows the lizard its natural size. The dark parts are of a reddish brown, the light parts yellow; unlike the *Phrynosomes*, which often harmonise with their surroundings, the coloration of this creature makes it most conspicuous.

Another curious *Agamid*, of arboreal habits, is *Lyriocephalus scutatus*, from Ceylon, in which the superciliary edge terminates in a triangular compressed spine, and the nose bears a globular hump covered with subequal smooth scales.

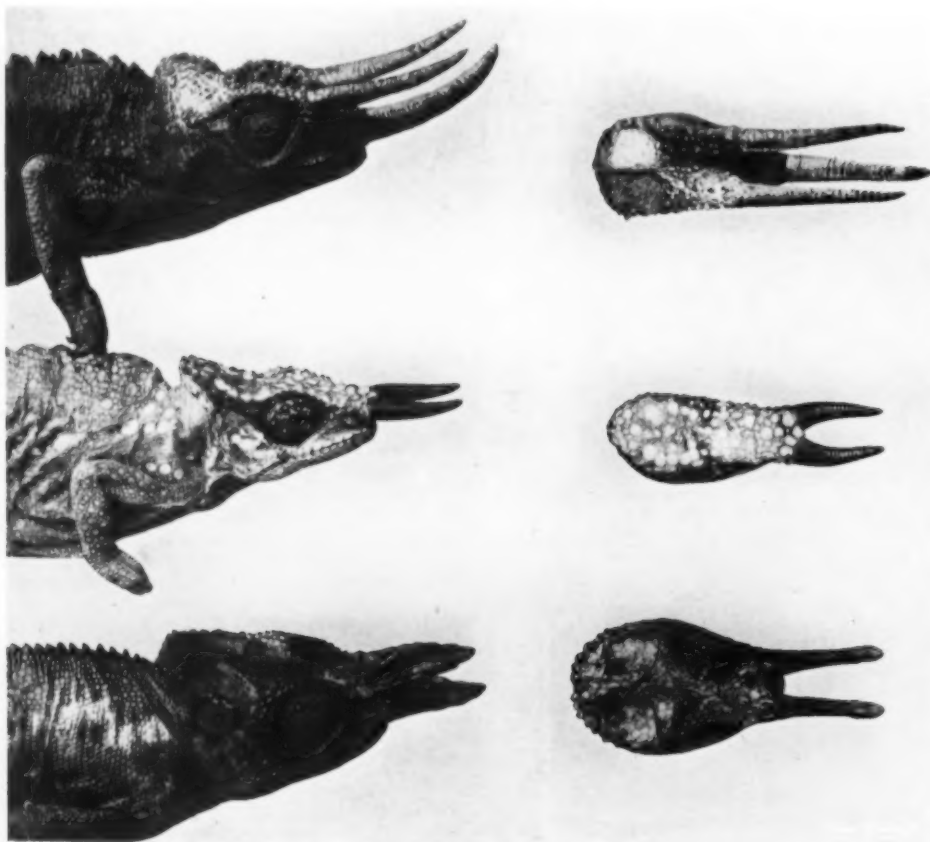


CHAMELEON JOHNSTONII FROM MOUNT RUWENZORI.

In the *Moloch* as well as in the *Phrynosomes* the spines or horns on the head are as much developed in females as in males. In the *Chameleons*, of which we shall now say a few words, these appendages are usually, though not always, restricted to the males. *Chameleons* are a wonderful group for variety of form, and new species are constantly being discovered. We now know something like eighty of them, more than half of which have been described within the last thirty years. Their range of distribution is almost entirely confined to Africa, the only exceptions being the common species which extends from North Africa to Southern Spain and Syria, two species from Arabia, and one from India and Ceylon. Out of the seventy-seven African species, thirty are confined to Madagascar. It is in British and German East

Africa that most of the recent discoveries have been made. Twenty years ago, only ten species were known from East Africa; we are now acquainted with thirty-one. Some species are oviparous, others are viviparous, or rather ovoviviparous. Many of the *Chameleons* are provided with horns or rostral appendages which are either bony or merely dermal. As a rule these appendages are restricted to the males, or are quite rudimentary in the females; but in some species they are equally developed in both sexes, while in one species, at least, they are present in some females and not in others, in the same way as in some ruminants.

The most remarkable horned *Chameleons* are those in which the horns are formed of a bony core covered with a horny sheath showing rings of growth as in bovine animals. One of them, here figured, *Chameleon Johnstonei*, with three horns in the male, was discovered a few years ago by Sir Harry Johnston on Mount Ruwenzori. Another species, also with three horns, *C. Jacksonii*, was first found in the Kikuyu district of East Africa by Mr. F. J. Jackson; in the female of this species the horns are represented by short conical tubercles. In *C. montium*, from Cameroon, only two horns are present. In other forms, of which photographs of the head are here given, *C. bifidus*, *C. malthe*, *C. xenorhinus*, *C. tivetensis*, the rostral appendages are processes of the skull, covered, like the rest of the head, with a very thin skin or with scales. In some, such as *C. bifidus*, from



HEADS OF HORNED CHAMELEONS.

Males *C. Jacksonii*, British East Africa; *C. montium*, Cameroon; *C. bifidus*, Madagascar.

Madagascar, the appendage is paired, in others, such as *C. malthe*, also from Madagascar, it is single, while in *C. xenorhinus*, from Mount Ruwenzori, it is single but obviously formed by the fusion of two. *C. tivetensis*, from the Kilimanjaro district of East Africa, is remarkable for the serration of the horns. As a last example, the head of *C. galus*, from Madagascar, shows a rostral appendage, which is entirely dermal and perfectly soft. Whether these appendages are of any use to the species which possess them is extremely doubtful. One might be inclined to suppose that the males in which they exist in the form of horns use them in fights among themselves for the possession of the females, but Chameleons have never been seen to fight, and the fact that the appendages are soft, though also highly developed, in some species seems to dispose of such an explanation. As in the case of so many other secondary sexual characters in various groups of animals, it is, perhaps, best to content ourselves for the present with admiring the wonderful diversity of form which has been evolved in Nature, and refrain from suggestions that are not the result of direct observation. But we would strongly recommend the subject to the attention of naturalists in East Africa and Madagascar, who, by observing these creatures in their natural surroundings, may be able to throw some light on the problem. In this connection we read with pleasure in the address delivered two months ago by the President of the Geological Section of the British Association at Winnipeg, that the modern palaeontologist no longer agrees with the oft-repeated statement that deer may have "perfected" their antlers through the survival of those individuals which could fight most effectively.

G. A. BOULENGER.

## THE WHITE BEAR.

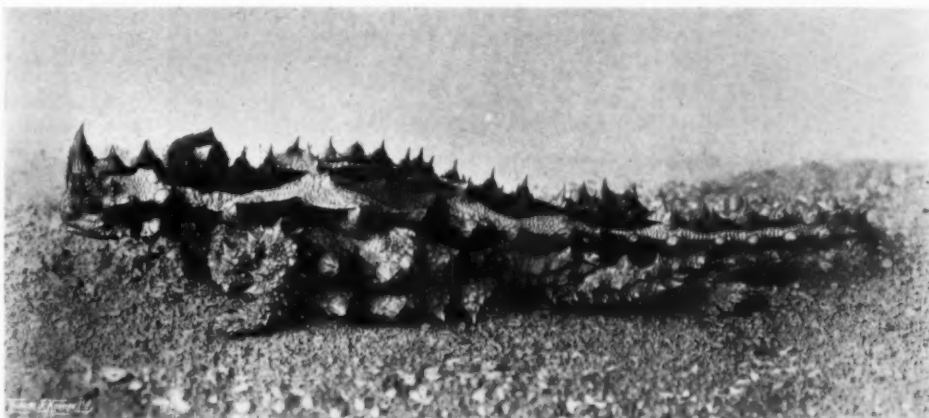
THE white, or Polar, bear is an animal altogether unlike its relatives, and till lately was supposed to be represented by a single form. But a German naturalist has recently announced that, as might have been expected, there are several local races or varieties of white bears, those inhabiting East Greenland being, for instance, distinguishable from the Labrador representative of the species, while the latter is distinguishable from the one found in Spitzbergen. The reason why naturalists have not discovered the existence of such local differences years ago is simply due to lack of material. In most of our big museums the white bear is represented by a stuffed specimen or two, a skeleton and a few



HEADS OF HORNED CHAMELEONS.

Males *C. tivetensis*, *C. malthe*, *C. xenorhinus*.

skulls, mostly without definite localities. The German naturalist already alluded to—Herr Knottnerus-Meyer by name—has, however, been enabled to bring together a very large series of white bear skulls of which the localities are known; and it is on the evidence of these that he has been enabled to demonstrate the existence of the local varieties. If an equally large series of skins, likewise definitely localised, were available, there is little doubt that the differences indicated by the skull might be supplemented by others derived from the fur, since Mr. Meyer has found that the skins in furriers' shops display considerable variation in regard to the character of the hair, and it is probable that such differences are connected with locality. Unfortunately for science, white bear skins are very expensive articles, worth from £20 to £30 apiece, and it is therefore impossible, with the present limited



THE MOLOCH OF AUSTRALIA.

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HEAD OF CHAMELEON GALLUS: MADAGASCAR.

financial resources of museums, to bring together a collection of these objects within their walls.

By the great Swedish naturalist, Linnæus, the Polar bear was regarded merely as a semi-albino variety of the ordinary brown bear. It is really, however, a very distinct animal, having, for instance, a longer neck and skull, teeth of a more carnivorous type, and the soles of its feet covered with hair, in order to get a firm grip of the ice, instead of having the skin quite bare. That the white bear has a circumpolar distribution has long been known, but there is still some uncertainty how far North it is found, although the probability is that its wanderings extend to the Pole itself.

As regards its range in the opposite direction, Domino Bay, in latitude 53deg. 5min. N., appears to mark the southern limit of its distribution area. It is true that white bears make their appearance from time to time on the coasts of Iceland and Southern Labrador; but the species is not a native of either of those countries, such individuals as visit them having had a free passage on icebergs carried southwards by currents. Ocean currents—especially those sweeping the coasts of Greenland and Labrador, in which icebergs are frequent—play, indeed, a by no means unimportant part in assisting the spread of the white bear. How far south the animal ranges on the Pacific Coast of America does not appear to be ascertained; but on the Atlantic side the Alaskan peninsula is definitely known to mark its southern limit. In Greenland it is far more abundant in the north than in the south, but only wanders occasionally into the heart of that country, where, in winter at any rate, it could not obtain proper food.

The mention of food recalls the fact that in winter white bears subsist mainly on seals and fish, supplemented by reindeer-meat, hares, birds and the blubber of stranded whales and grampuses. At that season of the year it is easy enough for the bear to get as many seals as he wants by the simple expedient of watching by a hole in the ice and pouncing upon them when they come to the surface in order to breathe. It is, however, a much more difficult matter to catch a seal in open water during the summer; and at that season the bears are, consequently, compelled to look out for other means of subsistence. As a matter of fact, these animals become in summer almost complete vegetarians. At that season they



forsake the coasts in favour of the inland districts, where they feed mainly on various kinds of leaves and berries, especially those of certain kinds of *empetrum*, *vaccinia* and *oxyria*. Decisive evidence of this was afforded by a white bear killed a few years ago on Jena Island, as its stomach was found to be completely filled with leaves. Seaweed and tangle are also stated to form a portion of the menu of those white bears which remain by the sea in summer.

It is interesting to note that in regard to this change of diet, according to the season, the white bear presents a curious similarity to its compatriots, the Eskimo, who, in winter, live chiefly upon seal-flesh, whale-blubber and reindeer-meat, whereas in summer they depend very largely upon bilberries, whortleberries, cranberries and other wild fruits.

That female bears hibernate in holes and caverns among the ice or rocks, where their cubs are born, has long been known, but some degree of uncertainty still exists as regards the habits of the males during the depth of the Arctic winter. Some of the older observers were inclined to believe that they underwent

a winter's slumber, especially in the far North, where they appear to be unknown in mid-winter. This absence from the high North may, however, be perfectly well explained by migration; and the idea seems to be gaining ground that the males remain active throughout the year.

For the benefit of our naturalist readers, this article may be brought to a close with the mention of the names by which Mr. Meyer proposes to distinguish the local varieties of the white bear. To the bear of the Obi district the Russian naturalist, Pallas, many years ago gave the name of *Ursus marinus*, and this race therefore becomes, despite the etymological identity of its two titles, *U. marinus marinus*, *Ursus marinus* being the original designation of the white bear. As regards the other races, the name *U. m. eögrælandicus* has been proposed for the East Greenland bear, while the North Labrador race is designated *U. m. labradorensis*, the North Spitzbergen race *U. m. spitzbergensis*, the Jena Island and South Spitzbergen race *U. m. jenaensis*, and the Ungava Bay race *Ursus marinus ungavensis*.  
R. LYDEKKER.

## A FAMILY OF SWANS.

FOR three months I have shared a tiny island, 60ft. long and 20ft. wide, with a pair of swans, which had made their nest among the reeds fringing the beautiful little bay on one side of the island. Naturally, to such exclusive and aristocratic birds, the invasion of their domain by human beings and a dog was, at first, an intolerable insult, and immediately resulted in a declaration of war on the part of the male bird. Things threatened to be uncomfortable for the invaders because, whenever I launched my canoe, the swan would attack it with savage blows from the "elbow," which sometimes nearly overbalanced me. Since life on these terms was insupportable to a peace-loving nature, I set to work to tame him, and at the end of ten days he would tap at the cabin window for bread, and follow me anywhere; and he soon developed little insinuating ways of his own, which were quite charming. Before long he learnt to recognise when meals were in progress, but never quite understood why breakfast was not at 5 a.m. every day, instead of only three or four times a week. He could not quite reach inside the cabin window, but once, when I was sitting smoking and reading, he came noiselessly alongside, raised himself to



E. L. Turner.

AT BAY.

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his full height, darted his head in the window and knocked the cigarette out of my mouth. Meanwhile, for thirty-six days, the hen sat patiently brooding over her eggs. For the greater

part of that time, except when relieved by her mate, she would lie motionless, the long neck doubled back over her body, so that she looked just an oblong mass of white feathers among the reeds, which at that time gleamed like a golden harvest-field in the sunshine. Hour after hour she maintained this position, sleeping and dreaming in the sunlight. Sometimes the male would sit beside her, preening his feathers, or adding fresh material to the nest, and occasionally changing places with her while she went off to feed; frequently, however, she was fed by him on the nest. Not once during that five weeks did she come near my boat; and at the end of that time two downy cygnets were hatched out and carefully nursed in the nest for three days. Just then I had a friend staying with me, and during those three days we grew quite excited, wondering whether the swan would or would not introduce his wife. Our position was somewhat delicate, for, although intruders, we had done the civil thing and called, but felt that by so doing we risked, and perhaps deserved, a snub! However, one wet Friday afternoon, when I happened to be ashore, I was greeted on my return with the welcome tidings that all the family had been to see me, and naturally I regretted my absence. Next morning about four o'clock I was awakened by a gentle tapping at the stern of the boat, and looking through the open doors I saw both parents with their two beautiful silver and dove-coloured young ones



E. L. Turner.

WAR DECLARED.

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waiting to be fed. The male bird was very excited and beside himself with pride. I gave them half a loaf, all we possessed, as my indignant companion discovered later on when we had to sit down to a breakfast of porridge and biscuits, with home truths concerning extravagant hospitality and mistaken charity. After this the birds came regularly to all meals. The hen bird was never quite so friendly as her husband, and for a long time would not feed out of my hand. One evening, when sailing home after a day's outing, we saw three swans fighting some distance ahead, where the river opens out into the Broad. There was an indistinguishable blur of white wings, while foam and feathers flew in all directions. Seeing two cygnets paddling helplessly around, we made all possible speed, and on approaching nearer saw our own swan Willie in the clutches of a young and powerful male bird, which the female was vainly endeavouring to beat off. Willie's adversary had gripped him at the base of the neck and was thrusting his shoulders down. We ran the dinghy into the reed-beds, and in an instant one man seized Willie by the neck and dragged him on board, while the other beat off his foe with an oar. Having settled this dispute, we sailed off followed by our swans. Willie, though somewhat battered, had recovered his spirits by the time he reached the island, but not so his wife; she seemed considerably ruffled in temper, hissed and swore at us, snatched at food rudely and resentfully, as if we had been the aggressors rather than the rescuers; no doubt hurt pride at her husband's defeat before witnesses caused this unfriendliness. As the cygnets grew stronger, the swans' visits became less frequent; but at least twice a day, after dawn and at sundown, my guests came for bread. They did not always get it at dawn, as, during the latter days, work slackened off, and I grew lazy. It was always a pretty sight to see the young ones carried about on the old bird's back, sometimes both together; but as they grew larger, the father would carry one and the mother the other. For the first three weeks they returned to the nest at regular intervals during the day, but latterly only during bad weather and at night. After supper Willie would escort the family home, then swim rapidly back to the boat and amuse himself either by plucking at my dress or teasing the dog, who was afraid of him; but, if his mate lifted her head above the reeds and trumpeted, he at once obeyed the call and went to see what she wanted. When she was fairly settled in for the night, and there was nothing more to be had from me, he would sail gaily out of the bay and down the Broad, where I have frequently met him at unholy hours, making a night of it. The adult birds seemed to feed a great deal at night. They are very faithful, and pair for life, and sometimes if one dies the survivor will not choose another mate for several years, though there was one exception to this rule on the Broad recently. The female of one pair went off with a young and apparently more attractive male, but eventually repented, and returned to her former mate, in all probability a sadder and wiser bird. When I hauled down my flag and left the island the swans were not there, and I was glad of it, for I grew attached to them, and think that they must surely miss me. They would tap at the window in vain for a few days, after that find no boat, only solitude, and the silence that clings to the skirts of departing summer. Will they forget? Probably. True wisdom lies in forgetfulness; anyway, true philosophy!

E. L. TURNER.



E. L. Turner.

HOME TO BED.

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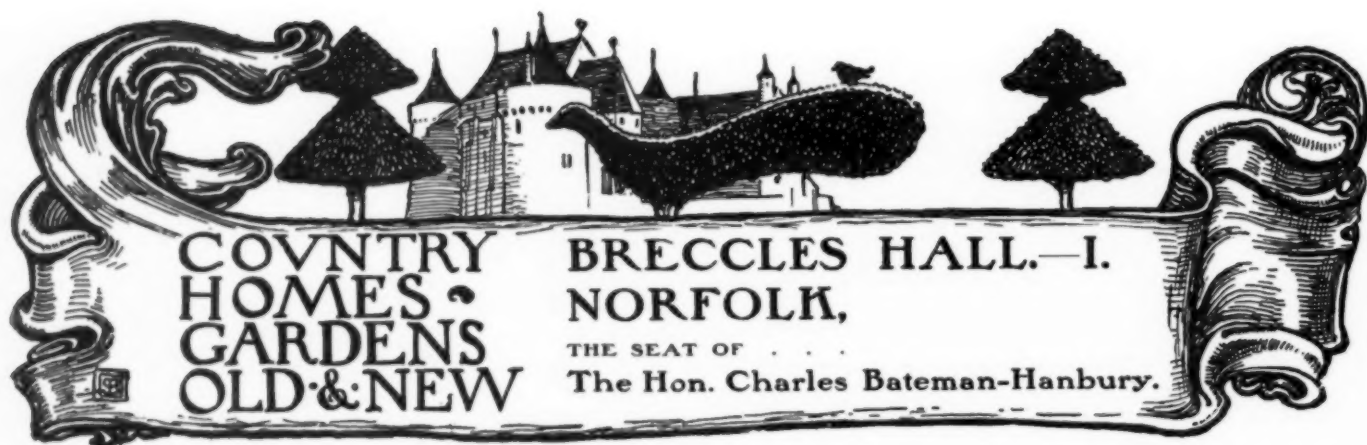
## THE SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR.

IT has often been desired that students who are living in the country should take the particular parish, village, or hundred in which they are living and investigate its history in detail. Only by this means could we ever be in a position to make an effective contrast between the state of rural England just now and at any previous time. We know that a very great deal of nonsense is spoken by those who try to extol what they think the glories of Old England and Merry England at the expense of the prosaic life of to-day. Vaguely it is also known that at one time rural England supported far more inhabitants than it does in the present; but the statistics never yet have been collected that would enable this statement to be made in exact terms. What

the results of a wide investigation are likely to be it is possible to judge from the results of an enquiry conducted by Miss Maude E. Davis in regard to Corsley in Wiltshire. The parish covers about four and three-quarter square miles, and the population is distributed over nine large hamlets and a few that are smaller, with the usual supplement of cottages, single and in pairs. Miss Davis will not be accused of suffering from a romantic temperament by those who read her book, "Life in an English Village" (Fisher Unwin). She is intent on obtaining statistical information, and passes without comment the griefs and merry-making of the village. What she wants to do is to set down the facts about it in black and white, and without those of any other colour. It is not, perhaps, the best method, but probably had Miss Davis been of a more imaginative turn of mind her facts would not have been regarded as quite so trustworthy. The history of the parish is, broadly speaking, that of many other parishes in the United Kingdom, and so we shall pass without comment the tales of its Celtic and Roman occupation, indeed of its early history generally. The point of interest is reached in the Georgian era. When George II. came to the throne the population was about 700; but it was rapidly developing, and in the course of a few years had risen to 1,300. This population does not seem to have lived under very healthy conditions; although marriages increased in number, deaths seem to have done so also, and the number of baptisms decreased. The suggestion is that there was a vast amount of overcrowding, and

in consequence the infant mortality would appear to have been very high, though as the babies probably passed away unbaptised the deaths were not recorded. Between the years 1740 and 1745 no fewer than 159 persons died. It was just about that period that Fielding chose for his great novel, and if Miss Davis had turned away from her statistics for a moment to consult light literature, she would have been able from the pages of "Tom Jones" to add light and shade to her description. The great number of deaths had the one good result of setting the houses free, and enabling young people to get married. From 1743 onwards there was an increase in the number of marriages, and a simultaneous, but more gradual, increase in the number of births. The consequences of this thriving condition of the neighbourhood were that a stimulus was given to enterprise. An inn was started on the heath, a victualler, a tailor, a butcher and a carpenter opened shops, a malting business was started and other industrial openings were made. Corsley appears for three-quarters of a century after this to have gone on increasing in richness and in people, reaching its culminating point in 1831, when, according to the census returns, its population was 1,729. These, however, were hard times for the working people in England, and the tide of prosperity began now to turn backward. By 1844 Corsley had fallen into a low condition. Agricultural labourers

were then earning about 7s. a week, and a great deal of distress occurred, although for the decade and more previously there had been setting in a steady tide of emigration to America. The sufferings of the previous thirty years were not yet removed; and how bitter they had been will be realised from the following account given by Miss Davis: "An old inhabitant of Chapmanslade would relate with horror the tales which his father had told him of the terrible years about 1801, when he resided on the borders of Wilts and Somerset. Men would go about with a piece of sacking tied round their necks, with holes for their arms and legs, as sole clothing. The people would feed on acorns, or anything they could obtain. So high was the price of corn that a man could carry a guinea's worth of bread on his head." Evidently Miss Davis entered upon this investigation under the belief that she would unearth a thrilling tale of woe from the village of to-day; and she naively confesses her surprise at finding that, on the contrary, much prosperity seems to prevail. "One is accustomed to think of the labourers of Wilts and Dorset as the worst paid and most poverty-stricken class in rural England. Looking, therefore, to find poverty in a Wiltshire village, it was no small surprise to the investigator to discover that the majority of the inhabitants were in quite affluent circumstances, and that only about one-eighth of the households had an income insufficient, with wise and careful management, to procure food and clothing adequate in quantity and quality to keep all the embers of it in full health and vigour."



**T**HE history of Breccles Hall is mostly to be found in the forms and materials of its fabric, but they constitute a language none too easy to decipher. We see easily enough that the men of the sixteenth century have been at work here, but they have wrought at different times within that hundred years as others have done beyond it—before it even, in all likelihood. But we do not get more than glimpses of who the men were that made this old-time Norfolk home. Their lives were local and not national. They do not appear in the pages of general history, and they have left little record of their personal doings. Family genealogies, estate title deeds, a name and a reference here and there in more public documents shed an occasional ray of light. But it is, after all, despite perplexity arising from frequent accretions and destructions, the fabric itself which will tell us most, especially now that much which was covered has been revealed by the very careful and judicious renovation recently completed. It has been a piece of work which we shall not condemn as a "restoration." Rather may we praise it as a revivification; as a case of a house which long neglect and indifference had deprived of its rightful character and lesson, but to which full historic and architectural value has once more been given, while making it a delightful habitation of

to-day. Such is the happy result of a client and an architect acting in full harmony and on right principles.

The parish of Breccles is situate in a slightly undulating and richly wooded district of South-West Norfolk, and is a few miles west of the little town of Attleborough. It contains some 1,600 acres, and its population is under one hundred. Yet at the Conquest-time we find it divided into three parts or manors. But when Edward I. was King a local man of prudent and accretive habits lived here, and so we find that about 1276 John de Breccles had gotten unto himself two of the parts through his two wives and had bought most of the third part. He was quite the lord of the place, and among his rights were those of "Weyf and stray, a free bull and free boar." All this he left to his son, in whose line it continued until the failure of male issue led to its sale in 1469 to Sir Edward Woodhouse of Kimberley. Kimberley lies east of Breccles, and still belongs to Sir Edward's descendants, but Breccles soon ceased to be part of the domain of the heads of the family, for Sir Edward's successor, Sir Thomas, made it a portion for his second son, John. Such is the view of John Woodhouse's descent and mode of obtaining the Breccles Manor which we find in Blomefield's "History of Norfolk," and the title deeds bear it out. As to John Woodhouse's existence and his ownership of this estate there can be no doubt whatever, for his will, made in 1546, is extant. He was not only possessed of



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THE WEST FRONT, SHOWING THE REBUILT PORCH.

COUNTRY LIFE.





"COUNTRY LIFE."

FROM THE GREEN COURT.

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Breccles, but of lands in some dozen other Norfolk parishes. He had also moneys out at interest and plentiful farming stock. His elder son being still young when he made his will, his wife Anne was, it would seem, to remain in possession and manage the estate, for mares and colts, draught oxen and milch cows, bullocks and calves, as well as the produce of the previous harvest, are left to her. The will, however, did not come into

It is quite clear that the present east front of Breccles, with its row of seven little gables and its storeys of low rooms, was an addition, and was set in front of the older east wall, where gables still appear behind it except at the south end, where the original crow-stepped and embayed gable forms the end of a projecting wing. One of the upper rooms of the seven-gabled building gives a clue to its builder. It is a little, low,



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SOUTH-EAST GABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

immediate operation, for though he was "disquieted and vexed with sickness" when he made it, yet he lived another three years, and when he died his successor at Breccles was fifteen years of age. His mother probably ruled during the minority, but married again shortly before Francis Woodhouse came of age.

picturesquely-shaped panelled room, still possessing its original door hinges and handles. Above the fire-arch, which retains a suggestion of Gothic lines, as this feature so often did not only through Elizabeth's reign, but even in Jacobean times, is an overmantel of four fluted Ionic pilasters supporting a frieze. The panels between the pilasters are bordered with arcading and



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE OLD EAST GABLES.

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MAIN ARCHWAY INTO THE FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in their centre are strapwork cartouches on which we read the figures and letters, "1583, F. W." The general style and particular details of this part of the house as contrasted with the west front and the larger rooms, make it clear that Francis Woodhouse, when he was about fifty years old, added to his father's house. Whether the father found or built that house is a point on which it is well not to be too positive, but the latter is very probable. The combination of a symmetrical plan and of square-headed windows, with Gothic finialing and crow-stepping of gables, shows just that

introduction of Renaissance ideas into late mediæval modes which we should expect in a building erected during the latter part of Henry VIII.'s reign. The west front was sadly disfigured and mutilated during the nineteenth century. The fenestration was mere patchwork, the whole of the projecting porch disappeared, and the gable finials lost all but their corbelled spring. As the "conjectural restoration" process, once so fashionable, was quite disallowed in the recent work, only such repairs as made the west front safe, seemly and convenient have been carried out. There were the foundations of a porch with octagon



FORECOURT WALL AND GATEWAY INTO SOUTH GARDEN, FROM WHICH THE IVY HAS JUST BEEN REMOVED.





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THE FRANCIS WOODHOUSE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

corner shafts, and the new porch was constructed on these lines, but with no attempt at details which might afterwards prove deceptive. The front wall of the north wing was ruinous and its original disposition altered for farm purposes. It was rebuilt on the lines of the more perfect southern one, which was not touched at all, the finials being left imperfect, and the sash window—telling its tale of early eighteenth century alterations—was preserved. But the original details of the house

that John Woodhouse probably built may be judged from other less injured East Anglian houses of that day, such as Seckford, near Woodbridge in Suffolk. There, very beautiful finials in moulded bricks with domical caps, suggesting a cross between fifteenth century crocketing and sixteenth century cupolas, rise from octagon shafts which, in the case of the gable corners as well as of the porch, spring from the ground. All the gables are crow-stepped, whereas at Breccles only that at the south-east



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

corner now shows this treatment, although it is quite possible that those on the west front were so in John Woodhouse's time and were plain coped later. The treatment of the forecourt lends colour to this supposition. The old gateway from it to the south garden has for a long period been buried under a shapeless load of ivy. The removal of this has revealed quite untouched work which is strongly tinged with Gothic feeling. It is topped in crenelated fashion with the terra-cotta saddle-back copings



Copyright UP THE MAIN STAIRWAY. "C.L."

which are to be found in much late mediæval East Anglian work—at Little Wenham, for instance. Distinction is given to this crenelation by continuing the slope of the coping block with angle bricks and re-tinging the jutting-out bricks which support them on three with nose ends. It is a simply contrived and very effective arrangement. The main arched entrance into the forecourt facing the porch is, however, in quite a different style. The round arch and the flanking pilasters show that the Renaissance was triumphing. The upper part is



Copyright DOWN THE MAIN STAIRWAY. "C.L."

probably imperfect, the central portion must have risen above the two round apertures, and obelisks are likely to have been used as terminals. Such, at least, is the arrangement suggested by other examples of this style which prevailed about the time of Francis Woodhouse's additions, and leads to the conclusion that he added this somewhat more classic feature to his father's Gothic forecourt. This entrance front of the house presents the symmetrical E shape then coming into vogue, and of which Barrington in Somerset, owing to its pronounced Gothic features, must be one of the earliest examples. No stone

was used by the Breccles builders. Brick was customary in East Anglia for mullioning. Occasionally this was carefully moulded and finished. More often it was roughly given a V shape and covered with plaster, and plaster was also used for giving the whole window case the appearance of stone.

At Breccles the builder of the west front employed oak for his mullioning, using a section with concave curves of



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TO THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Gothic character and not the convex ovolo and rib which soon after gained ascendancy. The window-frame was set in bricks, and these were plastered and made to look like stone mitred into the brick walling. Francis Woodhouse for his eastern addition adopted the more usual brick mullioning, frame and case being plastered. It was a rather mysterious and planless nest of little rooms that he contrived in his building, and unlike the straightforward disposition and large rooms generally affected by the sixteenth century. But then Francis Woodhouse was one of those who had need of some mystery, and secret doings were reported of him. Here is an extract made from an old document by Canon Jessop, who has studied so deeply the story of the persecution of Catholics in England in general and in Norfolk in particular: "In Breccles house where Mr. Woodhouse dwelleth there is a chamber over the Boultings House, whereto there is a way by a dore which is in the floor of a privie house, which dore is covered with mats, and is so close that it cannot easily be found out, and the dore being opened there standeth a ladder to goe downe into a close chambere, and no other way unto it. . . . There are also many secret places about the gallerie of the house at Breccles where they used and doe use (as is thought) the masse."

In the structure of the chimney which serves the Francis Woodhouse room already described, there is still a priest's hole entered from the attic above, and that attic communicates with the somewhat loftier roof-space of the older house, which was, no doubt, the gallery mentioned in the document. In another of Francis Woodhouse's little upper rooms—a library—a panel slides back and shows a squint into the much loftier room now used as a dining-room. So that though the library floor is 7ft. higher than that of the dining-room, the squint, which is about 5ft. up the library wall, opens just under the dining-room ceiling. It is quite clear that when Francis Woodhouse added these rooms he was an adherent of the old faith which Elizabeth's Government found it essential to proscribe after the first landing of the Jesuits in 1580. By that time he seems to have taken a third wife. Of what family she was a member is unknown, for only her Christian name, Eleanor, appears. But she must have come from one of the many Norfolk houses that adhered stubbornly to Rome and suffered in consequence, such as the Walpoles, who sacrificed one life and many estates to the cause. Francis Woodhouse himself, whatever were his sympathies, seems to have kept up some appearances of conformity with the official religion of Elizabeth and to have attended church just so often as the law obliged. But Mrs. Woodhouse was undoubtedly a full-fledged recusant, and in the very year after her husband set up the date on the mantel-piece, Tyrrell, one of the priests who took Government pay to spy upon the Catholic families, includes

her in his list of those who were secretly receiving and assisting the outlawed fathers. In the document already quoted, which seems to belong to a period at least a dozen years later than Tyrrell's report, she is described as 'of long time a popish seducing recusant' to whom 'resorteth much' one Saywell 'suspected to be a Seminarie Prieste.' This hunted creature's other chief lurking-place was in Lincolnshire, and there was much connection between the two counties. It may therefore be that Thomas Woodhouse, who was a Lincolnshire man, was related to the Breccles family. He was arrested while celebrating Mass as early as 1561. Later on he became a Jesuit, and wrote to Cecil telling him to persuade Elizabeth to submit to the Pope. Cecil preferred to have him tried for High Treason, and he was executed in 1573—the first

priest who gave his life for his faith during Elizabeth's reign. As late as 1598 the Woodhouses of Breccles were receiving recusants in their house; but the heavy fines and other exactions whereby the Government wore down, if not the constancy, at least the means of the sympathisers with Jesuit conspiracies and Spanish plots, had emptied the purse which John Woodhouse had left well filled. In the following year Breccles had to be sold and the place knew the Woodhouses no more.

The man who purchased the estate in 1599 was one of that large body of men who have bought estates and often built houses and founded families through the profits of the law. Rainham, Blickling and Holkham are among the great Norfolk houses known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE which have such an origin. Sir Richard Gardiner, for many years Queen Elizabeth's Chief Justice in Ireland, and for a while her Viceroy there, only effected the first step in this evolutionary process. He bought lands in Norfolk and Suffolk, but left no heir of his body, and Breccles fell to the share of John Webbe, who seems to have been a sister's son. He drew his wife from another legal family. Sir Thomas Richardson was the English Chief Justice



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STUDY FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

who refused to allow Felton to be racked by way of inducing confession after his murder of Buckingham. And this new and independent departure he took despite the fact that his second wife was cousin to the murdered man. She, however, was only stepmother to the Mary Richardson who wedded John Webbe. Husband and wife lie in Breccles Church—one of those Norfolk fanes with round towers, a shape dictated by the character of the flint which was the local building material. Their only daughter succeeded them, and she became Lady Hewyt when her husband, no doubt a Royalist in the Civil Wars, was knighted in the year that saw the restoration of the monarchy. She laid him in the Breccles chancel in 1657, and ten years later, though then the wife of another, wished to be buried by his side. "Stat ut vixit Erecta," is the inscription on the small square stone, corresponding to the size of the upright

coffin it covers. The lady seems to have been quite satisfied with her general conduct, for Blomefield tells us that it was at her own desire that she assumed the position in death which corresponded to her habit in life. "Poor but honest" one must judge would have been an equally applicable inscription on the stone. For her son, Gardiner Hewyt, soon after sold Breccles and became a pensioner in the Charterhouse, where he died thirty-three years after he had parted with the Norfolk estate.

There is nothing at Breccles to remind us of the Webbe occupation. It was later on that the home of the Woodhouses saw those changes, those alternating phases of alteration, decay and reparation, which will be duly chronicled in next week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE.

T.

## IN THE GARDEN.

SWEET-SCENTED FLOWERS.

**D**URING the planting season from now until the spring, one thinks of the flowers that possess certain characteristics—colour, freedom of growth and bloom and fragrance, and most alluring of all, fragrance. Certain flowers are used for their beauty, but when they expand they distil no scent, although this attribute is enjoyed everywhere if it is not overpowering. The scent of Sweet Briar as one opens the gate, the faint perfume from the Roses and the honeyed fragrance of the Night-scented Stock make the garden a real garden. I turn gladly from scentless though, perhaps, glorious flowers to those that have this rich gift, from the glowing Dahlia to the homely Musk, Jasmine, Honey-suckle and the Clove.

It has been well said that "there is absolutely no time of the year when the English garden need be scentless." Winter is approaching, bringing with it one of the most delicious of all flowers, the Winter Sweet (*Chimonanthus fragrans grandiflorus*), which is a shrub for a wall, leafless in winter, but smothered with pale yellow flowers filled with a perfume that scents the garden for many yards

around. They are borne close together on the twiggy shoots, and in the house send out a fragrance that few have detected before, the Winter Sweet being still rare in English gardens. It varies considerably from seed, some forms having larger and more deeply coloured flowers than others; hence the varietal race of *grandiflorus*. A whiff of perfume comes from the Winter Heliotrope, as *Petasites fragrans* is popularly called, a spicy odour that is grateful on a mild winter day, and the grey colouring of the flower is in harmony with the rough spots in which the plant is usually seen. Winter Sweet, Winter Heliotrope, Iris *stylosa* and Violets make up a gathering of winter flowers that bring thoughts of spring to the mind of everyone who loves the garden.

Walking on the garden path by the side of which there is Rosemary, the incense from its leaves rises in the winter air. Rosemary for remembrance; and there also should be Lavender and, perhaps, some fragrant herb. A border in winter should be not only quiet in colour, but give forth scent also, and in such a border should be the shrubs I have named. Sometimes a bush of the old Monthly Rose will bear a stray flower and impart just the colour that is most needed where greys and silvery white predominate. Winter is not, or should not be, a season of desolation in the garden if one plants the right things. Iris *stylosa* at the foot of a sunny wall will flower for many weeks, and its soft lavender-coloured petals are delicately scented. It is wise to gather them when the flowers are half-open, as they expand perfectly in water; but if left until this stage in the garden, wind, rain or snow will destroy their freshness. It is of the winter that I am writing more particularly, and these notes are seasonable, as planting may be done now; but with the coming of

spring a wealth of flowers colours and scents the garden—Violet, Primrose, Wallflower, Hyacinth and the violet Iris *reticulata*, which has the same scent as the flower that has gained its name from its colour.

Then when spring merges into summer, the Lilacs are in bloom, Roses, and a hundred flowers that one desires for the sweetness of their scent. The spring is the time to sow annuals, and, of course, of these the most beautiful and fragrant are the Sweet Peas; but some of the smaller kinds should be chosen, especially the Night-scented Stock, which may be sown round the house, the flowers opening in the cool of the evening. Evening Primroses gleam in the dusk and faintly scent their surroundings. A group of these on the outskirts of the garden or woodland is a picture of refined colouring, and one can forgive the plant's tendency to spread itself where sometimes it is not wanted.

E. T. C.

### SHRUBS FOR PLANTING UNDER TREES.

IT frequently happens that the owner of a large garden desires to cover the ground beneath a specimen tree or trees with shrubs of some kind, and, providing the proper kinds are selected and a good start is given them, the work may be carried to a successful issue. Grass seldom does well under dense-growing trees, and it is far better to have some low-growing shrub thriving in such a position than to have poor, thin turf that can never be made to look well. Before planting under trees, the soil should be forked over from gin to 1ft. deep and clay or sandy material added, according to whether the natural soil is of a sandy or clayey character. For growing beneath specimen trees on lawns nothing is better than the common Ivy, which will thrive well and may always be kept neat by cutting back in spring. Where the trees are standing at the corners or margins of drives, or even in the shrubbery, such plants as *Berberis Aquifolium*, *Rhododendron ponticum*,

*Euonymus radicans* and its variegated form, *Butcher's Broom*, *Gaultheria Shallon*, a low-growing shrub with pale white flowers, *Privet* and the several forms of *Periwinkle* (*Vinca*) may be successfully used. It must, however, always be remembered that shrubs growing beneath large and dense-growing trees are liable to suffer from the effects of dry weather, and particular attention should, therefore, be given to watering during the hot months of summer.

### SOME BEAUTIFUL ELMS.

Though the common Elms have for long been much favoured in this country, little attention seems to have been given to the more ornamental

varieties, which, owing to some distinctive feature, fully deserve a place in the woodland. Soil in which the ordinary Elms thrive will suit these better varieties, and if good holes are dug for them a week or two previous to planting they will need little attention after the first year. One of the noblest of the family is the golden-leaved American Elm (*Ulmus americana foliis aureis*), which is of erect growth and has very large leaves of golden hue. Of our English Elm, there are at least two excellent forms that deserve special mention, viz., *U. campestris Dampieri aurea*, with golden foliage and compact growth, and *Van Houttei*, also a golden-leaved variety. The Scotch or Wych Elm furnishes us with several varieties of special merit, perhaps the most novel being that known as *U. montana purpurea*, an erect-growing tree with a decided and pleasant purple tint suffusing the foliage and young stems. A tree of this in conjunction with some of the yellow or green foliaged varieties would prove a pleasing feature. *U. montana fastigiata* resembles the Lombardy Poplar. The large leaves are dark green in colour and so placed as to clasp, and partially surround, the upright vigorous stems. Those who care for trees with variegated leaves should plant *U. montana albo-marginata*, the ordinary shaped leaves of which are light green, margined with white, but the tree is one that cannot well be planted extensively, one here and another there among others of normal coloured foliage sufficing. The weeping Scotch Elm (*U. montana pendula*) appears to be more widely known than the others mentioned above, and is suitable for planting as an isolated specimen in the wild garden or open, grassy spaces of the woodland.

H.

### THE JAMESIA FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

*Jamesia americana*, an American shrub from the Rocky Mountains, is seldom planted in our gardens, but it is interesting at this season. It is related to the Mock Oranges and *Deutzias*, and is usually in this country a dense bush from 3ft. to 4ft. high, with leaves that are noticeable by reason of the grey hairs which clothe the surface, the under surface being so thickly covered as to almost resemble felt. This peculiarity is also extended to the young bark. The flowers are white and in dense clusters. Grown by itself



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BRECCLES HALL: SOUTH GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





FLOWERS BY STONE STEPS.

or in groups it is equally ornamental, and it has the advantage of flowering in June, after the majority of flowering shrubs are over. It is not easy to propagate, as cuttings are difficult to root. It may, however, be grown from seeds, which should be sown as soon as ripe in pots of sandy soil in a cool frame or house. Light, loamy soil suits it, while in a mixture of peat and loam it also thrives well.

W. DALLIMORE.

#### A SOUTHERN BANK IN WINTER.

The accompanying illustration and letter have been sent by Miss E. M. Whitehead, Linda Vista, Abergavenny. They are most instructive and show the way in which the most unlikely spots may be converted into little gardens of beauty, even in winter. "A year ago last spring this southern bank was considered beyond the edge of cultivation, the *Cerastium* was a threepenny packet of seed and the stones were outcasts by the roadside. And now in this dull November weather these rough steps are 'steeps of light,' a thing of beauty in tones of greys. *Cerastium pennsylvanicum*

is used; the leaves are larger and lighter in colour than *tomentosum*, but it grows just as luxuriantly. At the end of June, after this has flowered, it is all cut back to the roots, so for about three weeks the steps are no longer an object of universal admiration. Mixed with *Cerastium* on the lower wall is one of the grey-leaved *Helianthemum*, *Pilot*, pale pink, like the pink of a sea-shell. This dry wall continues for about 30ft., and will be quite covered next summer by the lovely Rock Roses, this year's seedlings. At the foot of the wall is to be a grass terrace; this is now being levelled preparatory for sowing next April. High up on the left is Lavender, which was pruned in September. Below it is that ever-flowering and kindest growing of Catmints, *Nepeta Mussinii*, which, though quoted in most price lists, is but seldom seen in our gardens. The whole summer through its long spikes of labiate flowers form a veil of mauve over its soft sage green leaves. This study in grey, framed by Cupressus and other evergreens, cheers the eye on the dulllest winter's day."

## INDIAN BUFFALOES.

TO the natives of many parts of India the buffalo is the most important of all domesticated animals, this being especially the case with those very primitive people, the Todas of the Nilgiri Hills, by whom enormous herds of these cattle are kept solely for the sake of their milk and butter. Much the same is the case in many parts of the outer Himalaya, where great herds of buffalo are tended by half-wild goojurs, or herdsmen. In many districts, on the other hand, buffaloes are mainly used for

ploughing and as beasts of burden and draught. Their milk, although very rich, has a ropy consistence and deep yellow colour, with a peculiar taste, which is in many cases unpleasant to the European palate. The domesticated buffalo, often called by popular writers, for reasons best known to themselves, the water-buffalo, is the descendant of the great wild Indian buffalo—the buffalo *par excellence*—which still survives in the vast grass-jungles of Assam and several other parts of India, and is stated to stand fully



TODA BUFFALOES.

6ft. in height at the shoulder. The wild buffalo shows two distinct types of horns, these appendages in the one type curving regularly upwards and inwards, with a subcircular sweep, while in the other they are directed almost straight outwards on each side of the head, and incline upwards only towards the tips. In both types the horns of cows are much more slender than those of the bulls, and, in some instances, are also longer. The African buffalo, it may be mentioned, is a totally distinct species, ranging, under the form of different local races, all over the Ethiopian continent to the southward of the Sahara.

Although fossil remains of buffaloes have been discovered in the superficial formation of certain parts of Europe, it is generally considered by naturalists that buffaloes have been introduced into Europe and North Africa by human agency. In a semi-domesticated state they are to be met with at the present



KATHIAWAR BULL.

day throughout the Malay countries, a large part of China, India, Afghanistan, Persia, Syria, Turkey, Hungary, Italy and, we believe, Spain, as well as Egypt, Algeria and Tunis.

The theory of the Eastern origin of the buffalo is supported by the statement that the animal is not represented in the earliest Egyptian sculptures and paintings, although common enough in those of later date. Similar testimony is afforded by Syria and Palestine, where these animals are now as common as in India, although they appear to have been unknown to the Israelites of Biblical times. To Italy buffaloes appear to have been introduced about the year 600 A.D.

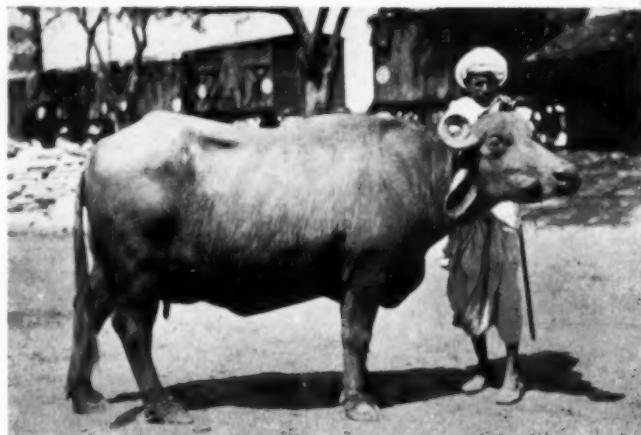
In Tunis, where they were introduced from Naples, buffaloes have reverted almost to a wild condition, and, if we



KATHIAWAR COW.

may judge by the photograph of a herd exhibited in last year's Hungarian Exhibition at Earl's Court, they roam the plains of Hungary in a half-wild condition. Again, the Toda buffaloes of the Nilgiris, although thoroughly under the control of their owners, are half-wild, and frequently attack natives other than Todas, while Europeans have occasionally been injured by the onslaught of these animals. Much the same is the case in many parts of the outer Himalaya, as the writer knows by personal experience, as well as in other districts in India.

In spite of their half-domesticated condition, buffaloes in different parts of India have been considerably modified by selection and elimination, so that there are now several more or less well-defined local breeds, distinguished by differences in bodily size, build, form and length of the horns and other characteristics. These breeds, of which, thanks to Major F. Joslen, Principal of the Bombay Veterinary College, and Lieutenant-Colonel W. D.



DELHI BUFFALO COW.

Gunn of the Indian Civil Veterinary Department, Madras, I am able to illustrate several, do not, however, differ from one another to anything like the same extent as the breeds of European cattle.

One of the largest breeds is that kept by the natives of the hilly forest district in Kathiawar, known as the Gir, old bulls standing fully 5ft. at the shoulder. These Kathiawar buffaloes are, however, heavy, ill-made beasts, with the large horns bending downwards by the sides of the head, and then curling upwards and inwards at the tips. This latter feature is



GUJRATI COW.

very strongly displayed in a skull in the museum of the Bombay Natural History Society, in which the horns extend for a considerable distance almost directly downwards, and then curl on each side into a complete circle.

The Delhi buffalo, which is bred throughout the North-West Provinces and the Punjab, is also large, bulls standing between 4ft. 7in. and 4ft. 8in. at the shoulder. These buffaloes are better shaped than the Kathiawar breed, having deep, wide and short bodies, supported on short sturdy limbs, short necks, and the head with a hollow profile and lacking the



BUFFALO OF THE DECCAN.

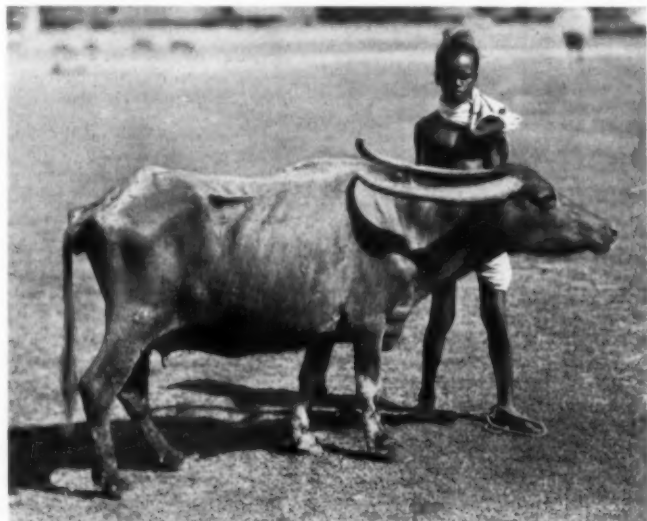


great boss on the forehead characteristic of the Kathiawar breed. The small horns rise from the forehead in an upward and backward direction, and then curl over the head like those of a Scots ram. Although retaining the deep black colour of the wild buffalo, the Delhi buffalo must, from the form of the horns, be regarded as a very specialised breed.

Smaller than either of the preceding is the Gujrati breed, of which the best strains are found in Ahmedabad and Surat. The bulls stand about 4ft. 4in. at the shoulder, and in both sexes the colour may be black, black with white markings, or greyish. In the grey individuals the hair is really dun, but the skin is reddish brown, while the muzzle is slate-coloured. As regards make, the body is rounded, the neck is long and the limbs are short, with tufts of bristly hair at the knees. The horns are short, seldom exceeding 20in. in length, and extend along the sides of the neck, terminating in a gentle inward curve which often



GODAVERI COW.



CARNATIC BUFFALO COW.

brings the tips into contact with the neck or shoulder. In height and general form the buffalo of the Deccan is similar to the Gujrati breed, but the horns, especially those of the cows, are much larger, reaching in many instances well behind the shoulder. In a well-grown bull they may attain a length of 3½ ft.

Among the small breeds in Madras may be mentioned the Godaverri buffalo, the East Coast of Kistna buffalo and the Carnatic buffalo, all of which, so far as can be judged from the photographs, appear to be very nearly allied. The great length of the horns in the Carnatic animal illustrated is probably due, to a considerable extent, to the animal being a cow. The Pedakimidi buffalo of the Ganjam district appears, on the other hand, to be a larger and heavier breed, with shorter horns, which curve

upwards and inwards not unlike those of the circular-horned race of the wild buffalo. In the specimen shown in the photograph the fore legs are whitish below the knees. In the Toda buffalo the curve of the horns is still more pronounced, the tips curving markedly downwards as well as inwards. These Toda buffaloes are much finer animals than those of the Madras plains, such as the Godaverri breed, and, as already mentioned, are much wilder and fiercer.

Among the Todas, as I learn from the book on these people by Mr. W. H. R. Rivers, published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1906, female buffaloes, each of which has a name of its own, are held more or less sacred, although this sanctity does not

necessarily extend to the bulls. Most bull calves are, indeed, killed at an early age, their carcasses being either employed in certain ceremonies or given away to the neighbouring people, known as Kotas, by whom the flesh is eaten. A few are, however, kept for breeding purposes, usually in the proportion of one to every fifty cows.

It appears that only a certain number of the herds are considered sacred by the Todas, and it is by no means necessary that the bulls selected to run with these sacred herds should themselves be of sacred origin. At the present day only men are permitted to tend the buffaloes, women being also prohibited from milking them or from taking any part in the dairy operations carried on in the huts. There is, however, a tradition among the Todas that in former times the women were allowed to attend to the cows when calving. These people believe that



PEDAKIMIDI BUFFALO.

buffaloes were created by one of their deities—On and his wife—those created by On himself being the progenitor of the sacred herds, while the ordinary buffaloes trace their descent to those created by the female deity.

R. LYDEKKER.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

WHEN a writer makes a great reputation with his first book it frequently happens that the volumes immediately succeeding prove disappointing, and we begin to think that one success is all that that particular author is able to score, until one fine day another volume comes out in which the reputation gained by the first is exceeded. That, we think, is a fair history of the literary career of the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Until now she has scarcely sustained the vigour of her first flight, but *The Caravanners* (Smith, Elder and Co.), in wit, audacity and a kind of elfish malice surpasses the most brilliant of its forerunners. It reminds us of a North Country railway line which crosses and recrosses one of the most delicious of Scottish streams. Caravanning, with its suggestion of English lanes, English weather, skies, sunshine and the simplicity and health of the country, we liken to the meandering stream. Many people have tried previously to render this

charm, but it can scarcely be said that anyone has been entirely successful until now. Elizabeth has succeeded because her caravanning comes into the story only as lovely glimpses of the stream enliven the railway journey. The real business is an ironical study of a typical German husband. It takes the shape of a diary written by a Prussian officer, the Baron von Ottringel of Storchwerder in Prussia, who with malicious ingenuity is made to draw his own pompous and self-satisfied portrait. The occasion of the Baron's holiday is so characteristic as to give the keynote to the story. Although his wife is only thirty, he proposes to celebrate his silver wedding. With unsmiling gravity he explains that for something like twenty years he had been the husband of Marie-Luise, and had espoused Edelgard a year after he was left a widower. Thus, it being through no fault of his own, but through that of his departed wife, that the two could not celebrate their silver wedding together, he, with a view to the tokens of regard usually sent on such an occasion, makes up his mind to keep it with Number

Two. Edelgard is slow to understand the reason of the festivity, but by dint of steady explanation he succeeds in making her even more strongly of opinion than I was that something ought to be done to mark the occasion, and quite saw that if Marie-Luise failed me it was not my fault, and that I at least had done my part and gone on steadily being married ever since.

After many proposals had been discussed, a friend of theirs, Frau von Eckthum, started the idea that they should join her in a caravanning tour in England, and eventually the Baron and Baroness join the party of Mr. and Mrs. Menzies-Legh. In this manner the Baron was brought into contact with domestic life in Great Britain. The collision is that between two forms of civilisation. From the first the self-complacent Prussian could not conceal his scorn for people who, while they might travel with servants and equipage, chose to go about with a caravan, buying and cooking their own food and leading a gipsy life. Proud of his lineage, he was inclined to look down on those whom he had at first imagined to be very common people who were on the trip, and a series of incidents on the very first day were, to say the least of it, discomposing. In two lockers at the back of the van the Baron, with a small selfishness of his own, had stowed away some provisions that he thought would buttress him against the too frugal ideas of his companions; but Edelgard had shut the locker door without padlocking it, and when a sufficient number of jolts had occurred the flap fell open and the tongue fell out. It was followed by "some private biscuits we had brought." The Baron, of course, was very much upset:

Every time Edelgard is neglectful or forgetful she recedes about a year in my esteem. It takes her a year of attentiveness and diligence to regain that point in my affection on which she previously stood.

The tongue was trampled on by a horse, and one of the young men "took it on the point of his stick and cast it into the ditch." And then occurred one of those little incidents which the author uses so deftly to show the character of the diarist:

Edelgard began silently to pick up the scattered biscuits. Immediately both the young men darted forward to do it for her with a sudden awakening to energy that seemed very odd in persons who slouched along with their hands in their pockets. It made me wonder whether perhaps they thought her younger than she was. As we resumed our march I came to the conclusion that this must be so, for such activity of assistance would otherwise be unnatural, and I resolved to take the earliest opportunity of bringing the conversation round to birthdays and then carelessly mentioning that my wife's next one would be her thirtieth. In this department of all others I am not the man to allow buds to go ungnipped.

The irritation due to this accident, however, is nothing to that which followed. They had scrambled eggs for supper, and, as the Baron pathetically laments, there were hardly enough to go round, and afterwards, instead of being allowed to smoke a cigar in the quiet of his caravan, "I found that everybody had to turn to, and—will it be believed?—wash up." Here is his commentary:

"No servants, you know—so free, isn't it?" said Mrs. Menzies-Legh, pressing a cloth into one of my hands and a fork into the other, and indicating a saucepan of hot water with a meaning motion of her forefinger.

Well I had to. My hearers must not judge me harshly. I am aware that it was conduct unbecoming in an officer, but the circumstances were unusual. Menzies-Legh and the young men were doing it too, and I was taken by surprise.

What astonished him still more was that nobody told him about the other guests. Mr. Menzies-Legh, in reply to his enquiries, said that one of the young men "with spectacles and hollow cheeks" was Browne and was going into the church, and the other was Jellaby, and this information was given

not with the lively and detailed interest a German gentleman would have displayed talking about the personal affairs of a friend, but with the appearance of being bored.

His German pride is outraged, and he begins to snub his young companions severely, or, to put it in his own words, he was to them "exceedingly stiff." For example, Browne

suggested that I should partake of a thick repulsive substance he was eating, which he described as porridge and as the work of Jellaby, and which was, he said, extraordinarily good stuff to march on. I sternly repressed a very witty retort that occurred to me and declined by means of a monosyllable. In a word, I was stiff.

But what was his surprise and dismay when Mrs. Menzies-Legh, with whom he had to go to a farm to bring back vegetables, told him, with careless indifference, that Browne

is a younger son of the Duke of Hereford, that wealthy and well-known nobleman whose sister was not considered (on the whole) unworthy to marry our Prince of Grossburg-Neiderhausen, and far from being mere Browne in the way in which Jellaby was and remained mere Jellaby, the young gentleman I had been deliberately discouraging was Browne indeed, but with the transfiguring addition of Sigismund and Lord.

At once he repented of his churlish refusal of the porridge and resolved to make amends. But while he was meditating on that, and carrying a stew-pan back to the camp he happened to ask Mrs. Menzies-Legh "what she supposed the inhabitants of Storchwerder would say if they could see us at that moment." Her

reply was to the effect that "they wouldn't say anything, they'd faint." But she told him by no means to carry the stew-pan if he did not like it. He might hang it on the hedge and she would send Sidge for it.

Send Sidge? At once I snatched it up again, remarking that what Lord Sigismund could fetch I hoped Baron von Ottringel could carry.

When he got back to the camp he found Lord Sigismund blacking boots, and, hastily putting down the stew-pan, rushed across to him:

"Pray allow me," I said, snatching up another boot that stood on the table at his side and plunging a spare brush into the blacking.

"That one's done," said he, pipe in mouth.

"Ah, yes—I beg your pardon. Are these—?" I took up another pair with some diffidence, for the done ones and the undone ones had a singular resemblance to each other.

"No. But you'd better take off your coat, Baron—it's hot work."

So I did. And much relieved to hear by his tone that he bore me no ill will I joined him on the edge of the table; and if anyone had told me a week before that a day was at hand when I should clean boots I would, without hesitation, have challenged him to fight, the extremity of the statement's incredibility leaving me no choice but to believe it a deliberate insult.

He is able to retain his feeling of vast superiority in all these vicissitudes, but what disappointed him greatly was to find he had a traitor in his wife. In their flat looking out on the cemetery at Storchwerder she had never ventured to differ from him, but the English air seemed to infuse a new spirit into her. Thus the very first morning after they started she put his clothes out indeed, but brought no hot water, because the others had told her it was too precious, what there was being wanted for washing up.

I enquired with some displeasure whether I, then, were less important than forks, and to my surprise Edelgard replied that it depended upon whether they were silver; which was, of course, perilously near repartee.

Then she imitated the English ladies in dress, till "small indeed was the resemblance now to the Christian gentlewoman one wishes one's wife to seem to be." And the Englishmen make no observation whatever on the change, whereas in Germany

Edelgard would have been greeted with one immense roar of laughter on her appearing suddenly in her new guise. She would have been assailed with questions, pelted with mocking comments, and I might have expressed my own disapproval frankly and openly and no one would have thought it anything but natural. There, however, in that hypocritical country, they one and all pretended not to have seen any change at all.

The Baron, wrapped up in egotism, superiority and the atmosphere of German life, does not conceive why it is that one member of the party disappears after another, and his trip, instead of lasting for a month, is brought to a conclusion in a week. But he is perfectly surprised when, in the carriage, his wife leans forward and says, "What was it you did?" His unconsciousness is sublime. No doubt there is exaggeration in this portrait of the typical German husband, and perhaps the picture of English life contains more than a touch of flattery; but no one could be blind to the wit and cleverness and literary skill with which one of the most amusing books we have ever read is worked out; and we do not believe for a moment that it will do any harm to the relations with our German friends. English readers have never failed to appreciate their very solid merits, and therefore can laugh without ill-nature at some of the primitive ideals of the wife as a Hausfrau and the husband as her lord and master.

#### A PRINCE'S SHOOTING DIARY.

Shooting in Cooch Behar: A Record of Thirty-seven Years' Sport. (London: Rowland Ward.)

HOWEVER interesting, privately circulated among his friends, would be the volume now before us, we cannot think that the Maharajah of Cooch Behar's record of thirty-seven years' big-game hunting in the territory over which he rules, the Duars and Assam, will appeal very widely to the general sporting public. It is headed "A Rough Diary," and is, indeed, little more than a plain statement of fact. In a recently-published work on big-game-shooting the author purposely abstained from relating in detail any of his personal experiences among wild animals (though there are but few men with better qualifications for the task than Captain Stigand), because he considered that there was already a glut of such literature on the market. Whether the author of the present record keeps silent for a similar reason we are not in a position to know. Having read it through, we must confess to a feeling of disappointment; the greater when we take into consideration the unique position held by the Maharajah, the many highly-placed and public personages whom he has entertained as his guests, and the adventures which must necessarily have befallen him over so long a period of years. Yet his narrative is bald to the verge of dullness, and, indeed, consists of little more than a recapitulation of facts with which the reader is fully at home before he has come to the end of the second chapter. Slang is far too frequently used to make pleasant reading, and the author is not above abusing an animal which escapes unharmed. The following gives a fair idea of a sample page: "So and So"—here occurs a list of ten or a dozen names—"arrived on such and such a date and camp was pitched. On the 10th we put up a couple of Buffs, but didn't succeed in coming to terms with them. The day



following we padded a fine tiger which showed a certain amount of fight. As we had no *khubbur* we were lucky to get him." (Full measurements inserted.) "The next three days were blank, but on the 15th we found two rhino and killed one, the other getting away wounded." There is hardly an observation on the habits of the animals met with, and, indeed, most of those killed, with the exception of a few tigers or buffaloes which charged, are dismissed in a couple of lines. On page 108 a right and left at rhinoceros is mentioned, which must, we fancy, be a record for the Asiatic variety. There is one amusing incident recorded, though doubtless it was not so regarded at the time. News was brought in of a very fine bull buffalo. The greater part of the day was spent in looking for him, and when at length discovered he turned out to be a tame one with a rope tied round his fetlock! On March 7th, 1899, a record was made, seven buffalo, five rhino and one bison being bagged in two hours. On the 24th of the same month, three years later, another record was obtained, consisting of eleven bison, three being bulls and eight cows. At the end of each chapter is a list of the game killed during the year, and at the end of the volume tabulated measurements of the best animals killed of each species. This should prove very useful for reference. The total bag of big game killed during the thirty-seven years, 1871-1907, comprises: Tiger, 365; leopard, 311; rhino, 207; bison, 48; buffalo, 438; bear, 133; sambhur, 259; barasingh, 318. The four heaviest sambhur killed weighed: 1890, 51st. 3lb.; 1893, 53st. 1lb.; 1893, 48st. 10lb.; 1891, 40st. 2lb. It is interesting to compare these with the weights of two barasingh shot in 1893. They scaled respectively 42st. and 40st. 3lb. The book contains a map of Cooch Behar, and there is a short appendix containing notes on the most useful rifles for howdah shooting. Many of the photographs which illustrate the book are interesting, and in the majority of cases well reproduced, though at times, owing to their size, it is impossible to distinguish any detail. The print is clear, with an ample margin.

#### THE SALMON IN SCOTLAND.

*The Salmon Rivers and Lochs of Scotland*, by W. L. Calderwood. (Arnold.)

MR. CALDERWOOD has given us a book that is almost to be termed monumental. Granted the above title, and that the volume fulfils, as it indubitably does, the expectations which such a title arouses, and it can hardly be otherwise described. We have to marvel at the extent and completeness of the writer's information, and have to admit that it must imply the whole-souled devotion of many years. Chiefly it regards the subject from the angler's point of view, and it is the author's repeated assertion of the far greater value of salmon rivers reckoned by their letting value for the rod, as compared with their letting value for netting, that justifies him in taking that view. It is also the point of view which makes the work attractive to the general reader. In the main it is statistical, showing what may be expected by the fisherman on the different beats; but the author clearly has a very full appreciation of the picturesque surroundings, though he does not often allow his pen to carry him away in "word painting" endeavours to portray them. Some of this effect is better given by some excellent reproductions from photographs, and in a few instances coloured reproductions of paintings. Sketch maps of many of the rivers, giving the fishing stations on them, are also shown. It is therefore a book which all Scottish anglers, or those of other nationality who have angled on the Scottish rivers, will read with great pleasure and interest, for the instruction of those who are proposing to fish waters hitherto unfamiliar to them and for the reviving of old memories by those whose retrospect holds days of fishing delights on any of these streams. Perhaps the most solid value of the work lies in the many hints which the writer, out of the amplitude of his knowledge, is able to give as to the manner in which the angling, and the access of the fish to their spawning-grounds, may be improved on nearly every one of the rivers—and none, so far as we are able to perceive, have been overlooked—with which he deals. In several instances it is especially interesting to note what he has to say about the differing temperature of the upper and lower stretches of the same river, which allows the fish to ascend a certain distance, but a certain distance only, in the earlier months of the year. Here and there we notice a little carelessness in expression, and in connection of parts of sentences; but these are trivial blemishes which it is almost ungenerous to glance at in a work which must have entailed so much labour, and in which all the important detail is so thoroughly worked out.

#### POSTHUMOUS JEFFERIES PAPERS.

*The Hills and the Vale*, by Richard Jefferies, with an Introduction by Edward Thomas. (Duckworth.)

"BODY-SNATCHING" was the term applied many years ago to the search of industrious admirers of a dead writer into chests, and drawers, and old newspapers for the padding that would make another book. One does not like to accuse a critic so fastidious and delicate as Mr. Edward Thomas of this great offence, and yet the book before us might have been left unmade without serious loss to English literature. Richard Jefferies before his death made a very careful examination of his contributions to periodical literature, and the volumes that he actually published show that he did not adopt a very high standard in deciding what to leave in obscurity, and which to wrap in permanent book form. Now a very considerable number of the essays which make this volume are no more than the hackneyed work of a busy writer, who was compelled to earn his daily bread with his pen, and who therefore wrote much that is better forgotten to-day. Some idea of this kind seems to have crossed the mind of the editor, who adopts an apologetic tone in his introduction. There are, as far as we can see, only three essays printed for the first time, viz., "Choosing a Gun," "Skating" and "The Dawn." The first requires no comment, as indeed it contains nothing that almost any writer could not have put together. "Skating" is a pretty descriptive essay of the kind that arrives in the newspaper offices by the cartload. It contains a pretty ending. "The Dawn," which calls forth the highest eulogy from Mr. Edward Thomas, is in the later, and as we think the

worse, style of Jefferies, when he forsook simple observation for analysis and speculation.

#### A DICTIONARY OF POULTRY.

*An Encyclopædia of Poultry*. Edited by J. T. Brown, F.Z.S. (Walter Southwood and Co., Limited.)

IT is very unusual for a poultry book to be issued in the shape of an encyclopædia, but there are obvious advantages in having a book of reference in this form. At any rate, when information is sought for, it can be very readily found in an alphabetical arrangement. The work covers the ground very well, and the information, as far as we have tested it, is sound and trustworthy, as indeed might be expected from the list of contributors. Nearly every one of them is an expert in the modern science of poultry-rearing. Mr. Brown rather boasts that his information is of the latest kind, and there is no reason for disputing the truth of his statement; but it is well to remember that many scientific minds are dealing with the production of chickens as food, and of eggs, at the present moment, so that this is a book which ought to be subject to continual revision. Indeed, the wise poultry-keeper will keep it on the shelf nearest the hen-house, and interleave it with the information which he finds of value as it comes out in the various publications in which a space for poultry is now found.

#### NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

*The Column of Dust*, by Evelyn Underhill. (Methuen.) The beginning of this book is ingenious but unconvincing. Why the curiosity of an impersonal Intelligence, a curiosity stretching in all directions imaginable and unimaginable, should be caught only in the web of humanity is not made clear, in spite of the author's obvious efforts to do so. But this is the foundation on which the story is built. As the reader follows it, he will get an odd impression that Miss Underhill is unconsciously caricaturing herself: Muriel Vince and Mrs. Reed talk, with a slight variation, so much as she writes. Everything is so finely spun that we wonder breathlessly how long it can hang together. The discovery of the Graal on a lonely hill-side proves hopelessly too heavy a marvel; the whole story becomes inconceivable and falls to pieces. We fear many people will stop here. If they do they will make a mistake, because, from this point, the author firmly gathers up the scattered threads, bringing her book to a strong and unusual conclusion. Quite excellent are the descriptions of the woman's quixotic confessions which she is forced to make by the inexorable influence of the Graal; and of her desperate struggle for the child's life, ending in the renunciation of her own. If Miss Underhill would refuse resolutely to indulge in long dissertations on a very nebulous philosophy and devote herself instead to a convincing presentation of what modern jargon has dubbed the "occult," making the details of the story speak for themselves, she might write a really interesting book.

*Granite*, by John Trevena. (Alston Rivers.) This is the third of Mr. Trevena's moorland trilogy, the first two of which, "Furze the Cruel" and "Heather," will long be remembered by those who read them. "Granite" is more powerful even than its predecessors and more depressing. Mr. Trevena has no illusions about the peasantry he knows so well; he sees them in all their drunken depravity and boorishness, but is not blind to their flashes of heroism, courage and child-like faith. The story of Mark Yeo, the reformer, who sacrifices himself to save the soul of the worthless Patience Starke, is bound up with that of the long-suffering Edith Gribbin and her cruel task-mistress, of the cynical Squire Vivian, of Spiller, the under-bred drunken curate, and a variety of other people who make up a gallery of portraits which, if they are for the most part unpleasant, are certainly distinct and unforgettable. It is a pity that, as Mr. Trevena has so many of the qualities necessary to the writing of good fiction, he should so entirely neglect the technique of his art; a tenth-rate French novelist would be ashamed of the elementary faults in craftsmanship which he allows himself.

*Lady Elverton's Emeralds*, by Dorothea Conyers. (Hutchinson.) Miss Conyers has forsaken Irish sporting life in her new book, and the plot, which is of a serious interest, enacts itself in the comparatively sober setting of an English country house. Save for the descriptions of horses and hunting it is a new Miss Conyers who describes Lady Elverton's emeralds and their effect on a woman devoted to jewels, on a connoisseur and on a guest who is suspected of having removed them. She shows, however, her usual insight into character; the mystery is well kept up and the story goes with all the swing and vigour which the author has led us to expect. The book can be commended, like most of Miss Conyers's novels, as being thoroughly diverting.

*Villa Ruben and other Stories*, by John Galsworthy. (Duckworth.) The first story in this book originally appeared in 1900, the remaining four came out in the following year under the title "A Man of Devon" and were published by Mr. Galsworthy under the *nom de plume*, we believe, of John Sinjohn. Mr. Galsworthy has taken advantage of this re-issue thoroughly to revise them, and the tales should become much more widely known in this form. "Villa Ruben," in our opinion, contains some of the best work that its author has done.

*The Lonely Lovers*, by Horace W. C. Newte. (Alston Rivers.) In his latest story Mr. Newte shows the same powers of holding his reader's attention which distinguished "Sparrows," and once more he shows a tendency to dwell unduly on sex questions. The plot, however, which concerns a young, passionate man who has been deserted by his wife, and is unable to support his loneliness, has been handled with considerable tact and is interesting from the psychological as well as from the sexual point of view. The story of Pallion and poor Jill is human and real and Mr. Newte's handling of it saves the book from offence.

*The Man who Stole the Earth*, by W. Holt White. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Mr. Holt White follows in the footsteps of Mr. Wells, and his story, the scene of which is laid very much in the future, is largely concerned with the new air-ship, the new explosive, and the other inventions with which the

principal character overawed Europe. The tale shows considerable ingenuity, and a lively if rather mechanical imagination. It is distinctly readable.

*The Rear of the Sea*, by Walter Wood, (Eveleigh Nash.) Mr. Wood's new volume consists of a number of tolerably interesting stories, most of which are concerned with sailors and fishermen of the North Sea. Ordinary readers will find the dialect of the mates, trimmers and deck hands who form the *dramatis personæ* of the tales a little fatiguing; but those who take a special interest in the life described will, no doubt, have their patience rewarded.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

The Enchanted Island, by Alfred Noyes. (Blackwood.)  
The Caravans, by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Smith, Elder.)  
The Great Revolution, by P. A. Kropotkin. (Heinemann.)  
On the Forgotten Road, by Henry Baerlein. (Murray.)  
The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth, by Frank A. Mumby. (Constable.)  
Madame de Maintenon, by C. G. Dyson. (John Lane.)  
[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE LXXX.]

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### A GRASSY AUTUMN.

**G**REEN committees all over the country were congratulating themselves in the spring of the year over the slight expense to which they were being put in their mowing bill. The grass did not begin to grow until unusually late, and they could defer mowing operations in consequence. They are being paid out, however, at the other, the latter, end of the growing time. As a result of the heavy rains and almost complete absence of frost in October, the grass has gone on growing, so that mowing of the greens themselves has been continuously necessary. In the South, at all events, there has been no rest for the mowers of the putting greens once they started, and, further, on many courses the "through the green" part has had to be cut twice over, whereas once is enough in a normal season. This adds very much to the wages bill of the year, and it begins to be a question to consider whether the experts in grasses could not find us a grass for the "through the green" which would not grow at all rank and make all this demand on the mower. It would be a great saving of expense if such a herb could be found, and the initial cost of preparing the ground for it and sowing with it would be very quickly overtaken. All this late autumnal growth, however, ought to be for the ultimate good of our courses generally, making good firm turf.

### THE BALL THAT IS KNOWN.

A notion which was novel to us has been suggested lately by one of the best of our professionals, namely, that when you have found a good ball you should stick to it, continue playing with it and use none other. The point is that, though the ball deteriorates just a little with use, by reason of the knobs becoming rather flattened, there has to be set against this the fact that you get accustomed to the ball, that you begin to know exactly what it will do in the way of flight and of resilience off the club and jump off the ground when it pitches, and that this familiarity and the confidence which it produces far more than counterbalance any loss of efficiency owing to the very slightly reduced flight. It has been the custom of many golfers since the introduction of the rubber-cored ball to keep a new one always in the pocket—Andrew Kirkaldy recommends the trouser pocket especially, for the warmth and the resultant elasticity—to put down when a little extra in the way of a carry is wanted; but this plan need only occasionally interfere with the other.

### OXFORD'S FINE WIN.

If Oxford can always do as well as they did at Sunningdale, then the prospects of Cambridge must be of a depressing character. The Sunningdale "cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold," or, to be more precise if less poetical, with silver and bronze medallists; they were on their own course and they were soundly beaten. Mr. Hooman beat Mr. Osmund Scott, and Mr. Evans followed up his last week's win over Mr. Martin Smith by beating Mr. Guy Campbell—two excellent performances. Mr. Worthington halved with Mr. Gidney; but Mr. Landale and Mr. Smirke were both beaten, and the defeat of Sunningdale was fast degenerating into a rout. However, Mr. Colt, who was playing in rather a humble position, stemmed the tide, and the Tindal-Atkinson family did nobly, for all three won their matches. But Oxford won comfortably in the end by seven matches to four—really a capital achievement. It is enough to strike terror into the hearts of

the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, who play their annual match against the University on Saturday. The venue is this time to be removed from Radley to the new and sandy but somewhat inaccessible course at Frilford Heath, so the visitors will not have to furbish up their rather rusty knowledge of the art of approaching on mud, upon which Mr. Croome has lately been writing with a learning born of experience.

### THE DIG SHOT OUT OF BUNKERS.

It appears that still, in spite of frequent lessons, both in the way of precept and of experience, many golfers, in playing out of bunkers close beside the hole, do not realise the importance, if they hope to control the manner and distance of the ball's outgoing towards the hole, of keeping the eye fixed, not on the ball itself, but on a speck of sand at a point selected by the eye just behind the ball. The exact distance behind will depend on several circumstances, such as the height of the bunker cliff to be surmounted, the distance between the ball and the hole, and the estimated stiffness of the sand. In a very heavy, resistant sand the niblick will have to cleave it out a point nearer the ball than if the sand be loose and light. If the bunker cliff be near and steep, the hit must be a downward one, more vertical than if a less quick rising of the ball be necessary. And, of course, the less the distance the ball has to travel to reach the hole the further behind should the club head dig down into the sand. It is much easier, according to the experience of most men, to regulate the strength by the distance behind the ball at which the club cleaves the sand than by the muscular force given to the blow. But, above all, the essential thing is not to let the eye wander to the ball itself. If this happens, the club is nearly sure to follow it, and the result is that the ball is hit clean, and is either sent flying far over the green, or is driven into the bunker cliff like a sugar-plum stuck in a cake.

### THE CONSERVATISM OF THE PROFESSIONAL.

It is always interesting to compare the golfing methods of amateurs and professionals, respectively. One of the points that has not been given the notice it deserves is the greater conservatism of the professional. He does not seem nearly so ready as the amateur to make experiments, and to try new methods and weapons. The weapon that no self-respecting amateur seems to think that his bag should be without at this moment is the "Dreadnought" driver, but it does not appear that it has commended itself at all generally to the professionals as a class. In a recent match at Purley, where Taylor, Braid and Vardon, with Kinnell, the local man, were taking part in a four-ball match, one of the spectators remarked, in a tone of immense surprise, "None of

them are playing with a Dreadnought." This was repeated to one of them, who only smiled in a way that might have meant a great deal, but he said nothing. We do not share the manifest surprise of that spectator, and think that these professionals were wise to leave well alone; but we may remember that they showed a little more than was quite discreet of this good old Tory spirit in their reluctance to use the rubber-cored balls, at their first introduction. It was the amateurs who led in this innovation, the professionals for a long while maintaining that there was no superior virtue in the balls. There is no one, however, even of them, who now plays with the solid gutta-percha, and probably he would be left behind if he did.



THE HON. CHARLES RUSSELL.



## Fog.

There is, or at any rate used to be, an allusion in the rules to a mysterious substance called "fog," which, however, is quite a different thing from that which Mr. Guppy described as a "London particular." The latter is a difficulty with which we begin to contend only too often at this time of year, and a most disconcerting difficulty it is. On a strange course it is hopelessly bewildering, while, even when a man knows a course as he knows his own house, he will often be in a dozen different minds as to what club to take. The flag dimly seen through the mist looks so terribly far away that our instinct is either to over-club ourselves or else to hit quite unnecessarily hard, with the usual consequences. Even on the tee the bunkers look so far away that we cannot believe it possible to carry them, although experience tells us that they are within easy range; result, another disastrous press. Then the putting greens remain horribly wet all day and covered with worm-casts, while the lies "through the green" seem to grow 50 per cent. worse than usual. Finally, the ball utterly declines to fly as far as it ought, and a hole that normally requires but a drive and an iron can barely be reached with two wooden-club shots. Whether the thick, sluggish air is scientifically responsible for this, or whether science would tell us that the fog makes no difference, the ordinary golfer does not know nor does he greatly care. He is quite certain that he cannot make the ball go, and all the men of science in the world could not convince him that it was his own fault and not the fog's.

THE HON. CHARLES RUSSELL.

Mr. Russell does not divide his time in the right proportions between law and golf, and so is not yet quite so eminent a golfer as he is a solicitor. He is, however, a keen golfer and, presumably, a light-hearted one, since those who play with him declare that he has been heard to sing while in the act of hitting. Tadworth Court, formerly the home of his father, the late Lord Russell of Killowen, is close to Walton Heath, and it is there that Mr. Russell has played much of his golf, while he is also to be seen at Burnham Beeches. It is now twenty-one years since Mr. Russell was admitted a solicitor, and he has had a wonderfully and uniformly successful career; indeed, in the history of his profession there are very few instances of so instantaneous a success as was his. He is a very busy man, and among many other things is solicitor for the Government of the Dominion of Canada and for the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

## BORDERLAND MEMORIES.

ALONG the woodland path, which every few yards affords a glimpse of the hurrying waters of the Tweed, comes old Bob Stevenson. The old man has seen eighty summers but is still hale and hearty; his legs are bowed with age and rheumatism, and he requires the help of his stick to toddle alone; but his cheery old face, puckered and wrinkled as it is, is the colour of a russet apple, and a pair of shrewd twinkling grey eyes show that the spirit of the veteran is as gallant as of yore. I hail him with: "Mornin', Bob! How are you keeping to-day?" A smile passes over his face, the tight-closed lips relax and reveal a black stump in the corner of his mouth, and the patriarch says with his characteristic stammer: "C-c-canna complain, I'm jest g-g-gaun aboot, ye ken, jest g-g-gaun aboot; have ye caught any troots the d-d-day?" "Nothing to speak of; they are not taking well!" "Aye! d-d-d-dour are they? but they should t-t-take the day; it's a g-g-g-grand mornin'." Bob is quite right; it is indeed a lovely April morning. A mild breeze from the west stirs the branches of the trees, in which the sap is already rising and the leaf-buds beginning to swell, overhead light fleecy clouds veil the sky, suggesting rather than showing the azure blue beyond. The Tweed at our feet reflects in its hurrying waters the distorted images of the trees and banks, while every now and then a shaft of sunlight penetrating the diaphanous clouds lights up with a myriad sparkles the stream flowing over its pebbly bed. The charm of spring is on everything; it is a perfect joy to be alive, and it ought to be a perfect fishing day; but for some reason the trout are not feeding, and I have been whipping the water for over an hour and a-half for two very meagre specimens of *Salmo fario*.

I am not at all disinclined to suspend operations for a few minutes, and Bob's arrival gives me an excellent excuse. I hand him my baccy-pouch, lay my rod on the bank, and sitting down on the trunk of a tree which had fallen in the past winter, we are soon sending out clouds of smoke. This is classic ground that we are treading, for the woods are the woods of Abbotsford, the home of the Great Wizard of the North, to whom it was given to interpret and impart to the world all the romance of our beautiful borderland. While I had been fishing, I had been picturing to myself that this path, on which we are now resting, was probably a favourite walk of Scotland's greatest novelist, and he had doubtless often trod it while thinking out the plots of some of his romances, or may be settling in his mind the immortal characters which he has given us for all time. As I puff at my pipe, it suddenly occurs to me that sitting by me is a living link with the past, for Bob has lived all his life on the estate which adjoins, or, as we say in the Borders, "marches with," Abbotsford. I ask him:

"Bob, did you ever see Sir Walter Scott?"

"Aye! m-m-mony and mony a time when I was a b-b-bit haflin' callant. I m-m-mind him fine, he aye g-g-g-gaed aboot wi' twa or three b-b-b-big dogs, a dacent b-b-body and weel respectit."

"I suppose everyone thought a very great deal of him?"

"N-n-no; he was aye weel eneuch l-l-likit, b-b-but I never heard that he p-p-paid ony b-b-b-bigger wages to his folk than onybody else!"

Such is fame! Old Bob rambles on about other reminiscences, and presently I see a rise in the stream and, getting up, pick up my rod, let out a short line and cast over the spot. The sudden thrill, so grateful to the angler, tells me I have hooked him, and in another minute the rod is bending in response to the struggles of a nice little trout of about  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb., who had mistaken the March Brown on the end of my cast for some juicy morsel.

A run up stream, checked by the resiliency of the rod, is followed by a corresponding dash down; but, pluckily as he fights, that April morning sees his Waterloo, and after a few more kicks and struggles I am able to push the net under him and carry him up the bank. Old Bob inspects my captive gravely and declares his opinion that it is "A n-n-nice troot, and he w-w-wouldna' wunner if they were to t-t-t-take noo." The fish being duly released from the fly, knocked on the head and put in the creel, I start again; but at the second cast, forgetting the proximity of the trees, I get hung up in a holly bush. I try the pull persuasive and the jerk judicious; but neither method will avail, so I have to get up the bank and disentangle the cast from the prickly leaves of what Bob calls "the h-h-hollin'." Luckily it is not out of reach and, having got the flies away from the holly leaves, for which they seem to have a fatal affinity, I pull the gut through my hands to make sure there is no weak place as a result of its late adventure; finding it none the worse, I again get to work. A few more casts are made, a corresponding number of steps up stream are taken, and, as the three flies sweep through a hollow, formed by the water in its passage over a rather larger submerged boulder than usual, I feel the delightful pull once again, and the brr of the reel, as the trout runs up stream, shows that I have hooked something bigger than before; the rod bends to his efforts, but only for a moment; he leaps out of the water and shows me for an instant a nice yellow trout of about  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.; but, alas! as he falls back into his native element the hold gives way, the rod straightens and becomes inert, and the blank feeling that he is gone brings down the sense of gloom that all anglers feel at the loss of a good trout. "That was a s-s-s-sad peety, aye! but he was a b-b-b-bonny yin yon; I d-d-d-doubt ye'll no s-s-s-see him again the day!" is his requiem from the veteran on the bank. The next comes short, but I give him a second chance, and am almost consoled, but not quite, when I basket a nice stocky little trout of about the same size as number one. This is quite good fun and I only wish it could go on for a week, but the end of the rise comes all too quickly; however, when the trout give up feeding I can show seven pretty Tweed fish ranging from  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. to 1 lb., and as a basket like this is not got every day in the week, I am nearly content with the goods the gods have given me, but still think sorrowfully of the big one who has escaped.

I wander up the path with old Bob, who keeps chatting away, "Aye! it's a g-g-g-grand day for the time o' year; I mind an awfu' storm aboot this t-t-t-time; aye! it'll be f-f-f-forty year back, w-w-w-when the snaw wreaths were t-t-ten feet deep in places; aye! yon was a b-b-bad storm; there was a g-g-g-guid when yowes and l-l-l-lams l-l-l-lost that year." After going about a mile Bob says: "M-M-Maister Edward, wull 'ee no try the B-B-Boatpool for a sea-troot? They're often some aboot at this t-t-time." "All right, Bob, what fly would you recommend?" "T-t-try a w-w-white top!" and I exchange my March Brown for a white top with red seal's fur body and red hackle, called in other parts a Heckham and Red, about two sizes larger than the tail fly I had been using for yellow trout. I wade into the water, which is here shallow on our side but deepens towards the opposite bank, and cast into the dark water, through which the current runs with a purl that shows it is both deep and rapid. Quickly the fly is swept round, and it is in nearly dead and much shallower water when I pick it off the surface for a second cast; again nothing! and at the next cast a diminutive salmon parr, which has been lying in wait at the edge of the dead water, has the audacity to seize the large sea-trout fry. He is about 3 in. long, and is quickly reeled in and gently taken off the hook which has done very little damage to his lips, and again placed in the river, in the hope that he will in due course go down to the sea and return as a warrantable fish.

A few more casts, then a pull, the rattle of the reel, a commotion under water, an ecstatic tremor shooting through all my being, the sudden bend of the stout greenheart and the line tearing through the rings tell me that I have at least got on bowing terms with a spring whiting or sea-trout. His first rush is straight down the river, and although I hold my rod

up and check him all I know, he nearly exhausts the surplus line on my reel, and when he turns, which he does after a time, I have to wind for dear life to get in the slack: fortunately for me he comes up the river a good way out, and thus I am saved the danger of a slack line, which would have been inevitable had the fish chosen to run straight towards me. He leaps out of the water, and as I catch the sheen of his silvery sides I mentally put him down as being about 6lb. in weight. Again and again he leaps out of the water and shakes his head as if to free himself from that pernicious hook, which I can now see firmly fixed in his upper jaw. He is a clean-run fish, straight up from the sea, is as wild as a hawk and fights like a tiger for his freedom. The good greenheart bends and gives to his every movement, and the strain which is continually kept upon him at length begins to tell a tale; the rushes of my plucky antagonist get shorter and shorter, and presently I have the satisfaction of recognising that I am master of him, and that only extreme bad luck will prevent my triumph over one of the gamest fishes that swims in the waterways of the North. I put one foot carefully behind me and begin my retrograde movement to the bank, where old Bob Stevenson is waiting in anxious excitement. The fight with the fish has roused the old man's pulses and made him twenty years younger; all his aches, pains and rheumatism are for the moment forgotten, and he even forgets his stammer as he calls out: "Bring him cannily in, Maister Edward, and I'll land him for 'ee." I gain the pebbly beach, throw the landing-net to the old man and, stepping on to the grassy bank, guide my now subdued antagonist into a little haven, formed by a small back-water, which is

untroubled by the main stream and is the result of the breaking up of the ice during the previous winter. Bob has got the landing-net by this. As the fish is towed in he sees the patriarch waiting to remove him from his native element and, making one more spasmodic effort for freedom, gains a few yards back into the river; it is in vain, however. I put a heavy strain on him, and this fine sea-trout, thoroughly played out, allows himself to be guided into the above-mentioned harbour, where Bob, getting the net well under him, lifts him out on to the bank and his fate is sealed. As we gaze upon his perfectly-proportioned form and admire his silvery back and sides, set off with beautiful black spots, Bob says: "Aye! he's as b-b-b-bonny a fush as I ever saw ta'en oot o' the T-T-T-Tweed, and I hae seen mony a yin, frae a thirty-pund fush doon to an auld k-k-k-kelt." I have a few more casts, but this finishes the day, and as I saunter home in the gloaming I say to myself what a grand sport fishing is, and under what delightful circumstances we are permitted to enjoy it in this beautiful Borderland, where every step reminds one of some old-world story or hero of romance.

Bob, alas! has passed away, full of years and ripe in experience; he now lies in the quiet kirkyard of Melrose Abbey, where repose so many of the mighty dead, mingled with the more simple and unknown ones of this earth; but I think that all will say that honest old Bob will not be the worst in that sepulchre, which includes the heart of the great Bruce, the tomb of the wizard Michael Scott, besides many and many douce dacent bodies who have lived and died in the fair Borderland.

B. W.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A PRACTICAL STILE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You have illustrated many interesting forms of stiles in COUNTRY LIFE, but I do not think you have shown one like that which forms the subject of the accompanying photograph. It is, I believe, called the "sheep-gate" stile, and is used by the Hythe Golf Club on their links. I am indebted to Captain Chalk of that club for kindly photographing it for me. The stile seems to me eminently useful and practical, and it may interest your readers. Neither sheep nor cattle can find ingress or egress through it, and yet it is easy of passage for human beings.—E. H.

### FINE MAHSEER ON TROUT ROD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a mahseer which I caught at Ningel, on the river Jhelum, in Kashmir. This is the largest fish that has been caught in the valley for some years; he (or, rather, she) weighed 43½ lb., was 4ft. long and 27in. in girth. I got him with a frog at five o'clock in the



43½ lb. MAHSEER.



A "SHEEP GATE" STILE ON THE HYTHE LINKS.

morning, on a 12ft. trout rod, with very light tackle and only 100yds. of line. The heavy rod I also had out was quite ignored on this and almost every occasion, as of the eight mahseer I landed, seven were hooked by the light rod. When I got into the fish he made no movement. I was out in a small sort of "pair parted in the middle" boat, with a shikari and another man to paddle, one sitting at each end. As soon as I hooked the fish I shouted to the shikari, and he paddled for all he was worth to keep everything tight. I began to reel the fish in and told the man it was quite a small one. I brought it right up to the boat, and the shikari, in his energetic paddling, actually struck the fish! Then the excitement began. He was off like a flash, and in a few seconds I had perilously little line left on my reel, so the boat was paddled after him as hard as it could go. Then I had a few moments and reeled in a little line in time for the next rush, and eventually, after 2hr. 5min. of most intense excitement, the fish was safely in the boat. Kashmir shikaris use no gaff; when the fish is on the top of the water and quite done, they take the line between two fingers and get the fish to the surface alongside the boat; they then gently stroke the fish with the other hand. Of course, this cannot be done at once, and the first sight of the hand occasions another rush; but after a few of these he submits, and the next moment the shikari has him by the gills and he is lifted into the boat. The photograph was taken at Sopor, two miles below Ningel, on the Jhelum, where everyone who is fishing lives in either tents or Kashmir house-boats. The two shikaris who were in the boat with me are holding the fish, and I hold the rod with which the deed was done. I write all this in the chance of its being of interest to you.—F. G. DELAMAIN.

### THE LAW AND THE BURGLAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—From various reports in the papers it appears that we are just entering on the "burglary season," as we may call it, though there is, of course, no "close time" for burglary. Nevertheless, it seems to flourish more in the long nights which are now upon us. I think it would be of great interest to those who live in the country if you could tell us exactly how the law stands with regard to the burglar—what you may do to him in your own



defence. The question has been brought home to me in a very acute form by a burglary occurring in my own house at a time when there was, indeed, a revolver ready to the hand of the person who heard the burglar and might have had a shot at him, only for the small but rather important circumstance that there were no cartridges in the house which would fit the revolver. That is an omission which has been remedied now; but it supplies, of course, only another instance of shutting the stable door after the horse has bolted. In this case the burglar bolted, without a shot fired at him. Now what I want to know, and what many, I am sure, would like to know is, would the law hold the householder guiltless for firing at a burglar—perhaps for killing him? I have been told, but not on any good authority, that you may legally only shoot a burglar in self-defence—I may observe that this man was in law a true burglar, having broken in through a window at night—but if that is the law, then all I can say is that it seems to me in very bad need of alteration, for it is practically equivalent to insisting upon your saying, "Let monsieur the burglar shoot first"—to parody a famous phrase. While waiting to find out whether the burglar means to attack you, you may become a dead man. The circumstances are peculiarly of a character to demand swift action. Is it legal to take that action? That, in a word, is the question.—COUNTRY HOUSE.

#### A MUTILATED PLAICE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a plaice that I saw in the Fish Market, Douglas, a few days ago. Some enemy had made a grab at it, probably a



PLAICE WITH WOUND HEALED.

conger, whose teeth, however, were too sharp for holding the prey, and they cut a piece out. The wound had healed most beautifully, and the skin was as perfect as on the rest of the fish.—ERNEST B. SAVAGE.

#### PREVENTION OF ANTHRAX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Under the above heading there appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of October 30th a note in which the writer, after calling attention to the alarming increase in the number of outbreaks of this disease during the past three years, points out that this indicates a widening distribution of the anthrax bacillus, whereby the chances of further outbreaks are multiplied, owing to the risk of the disease not being stamped out in every case of attack. Failure in this last-named important preventive measure is rendered more likely by the system of disinfection prescribed by the Board of Agriculture. The latter appear fully to realise the need for thorough disinfection in cases of anthrax, and in the Order of 1899 have stated very clearly how this is to be performed. All parts of any shed, stable, building, or field in which a diseased animal has died or been slaughtered, every utensil, pen, hurdle, or other thing used for or about any diseased animal, and every vehicle, other than a railway truck, used for the transportation of such an animal, must be disinfected under the direction of an inspector at the cost of the local authority. So far so good. But, unfortunately, the disinfectants prescribed are by no means suitable for the purpose. These consist of solutions of chloride of lime or carbolic acid, or "some other suitable disinfectant." The efficiency of chloride of lime, as is well known, is immediately nullified by contact with organic matter—which must always be present in places which have been occupied by animals—while "commercial" carbolic acid requires some five hundred times its own volume of water to dissolve it, and such a solution in any available exposure has practically no disinfective action. Then, again, the alternative "suitable disinfectant," the selection of which

is, presumably, left to the inspector of the local authority, may quite conceivably be totally unsuited to the disinfection of anthrax. The thorough disinfection of all places with which diseased animals have come in contact is essential to the eradication of the disease. My contention is that the regulations of the Board, while securing some measure of disinfection to such places, do not secure efficient disinfection, for the reasons already stated. The substitution of suitable disinfectants for those now prescribed would provide an adequate system of disinfection in cases of anthrax, and would, I think, assist materially in stamping out the disease.—F. C. S.

#### DRINKING-TROUGHS AND DISEASE.

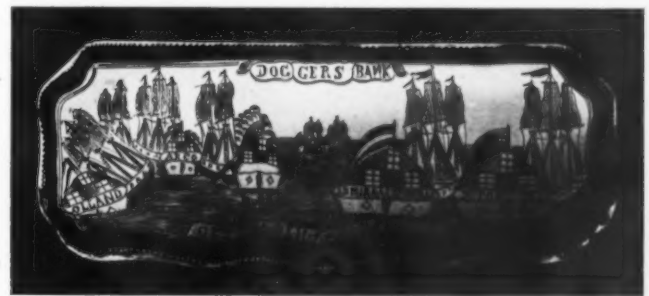
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder whether any of your readers can indicate some way of compelling carters to carry and use pails for watering their horses. I ask because I desire that a stand-pipe should be erected instead of another drinking-trough which it is proposed to place in the town near which I live notwithstanding the fact that several cases of glanders were distinctly traced to horses watering at another trough in the town.—L.

#### DUTCH AND ENGLISH ART NAVAL MEMORIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in your account last week of Dutch and English Naval Art Memorials, as I possess a silver tobacco-box of the same size and shape as your illustration. I enclose a photograph of the top of the same. It evidently represents some incident that took place on August 5th, 1781, apparently the rescue of some one from drowning. On the bottom



LID OF AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TOBACCO-BOX.

of the box are the following names grouped on either side of the crossed anchors under the motto "Vivat Zoutman": On the left—Mulder, Braak, Kingsberge, Benting. On the right—Decker, Staring, Vanbraam, Dedel.—WILLIAM BRINCKMAN.

#### THE HANSOM CAB.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In these days of the passing of the hansom cab, and before that uncomfortable and absurdly-called "gondola of London" disappears altogether and be forgotten, it may be interesting to note what is probably the origin of the name—"hansom," or "hansom cab." It is a question I have often heard argued, but never came across any answer to it until the other day, when I was reading the entertaining Life of the late Albert Pell. He there, writing autobiographically, says: "I venture to record the origin of the hansom cab, as I had it from the mouth of a coach builder in my own county town, who had gone to work as a journeyman in London with a master of the name of Hansome, who had invented a peculiar cart for the quick delivery of coal into the cellar. It was hung on a bent axle, bringing the body low, which was so constructed that when backed it allowed the coals to be tipped directly over the coal-hole in the pavement. The ingenious point was in the balance, and so much

of it was, I believe, patented. The cab followed on this by evolution; the driver in the seat behind, with the fare inside, balancing as the coal did, and the horse running free with no weight on his back." I thought this might interest some of your readers, as the origin of the names of things in very common use is often difficult to trace and always interesting to discuss.—TAXI.



MARKHOR.

#### A CHITRAL MARKHOR.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a markhor (the longest horn measured 41½ in.) which was caught while out chikor-shooting in February, 1909; it must have been pursued by a leopard, as it was caught low down and in a very weak condition.—H. R.

## BOYS' COUNTRY WORK SCHEME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I draw the attention of your readers to the above scheme, which is an outcome of the London Children's Country Holidays Fund (118, Buckingham Street, Strand), and of which I enclose the first report. During the last four years we have placed 140 boys on farms to learn farm-work, and a large majority are doing well. They are carefully chosen by a committee in London, only those being sent who are of good character, and who seem likely to settle on the land or emigrate. As a rule they "live in," receiving very little money for the first six months. A few very small boys of fourteen chiefly help the farmer's wife indoors. We shall be grateful if anyone will tell us of suitable places, or of neighbourhoods where boy labour is scarce. We also want to find people living in such places who are willing to act as "visitors" for our boys, and we badly need a small fund to help very poor boys with outfits and fares, and to pay necessary expenses, such as advertising, boarding lads between places, etc. The Bishop of London is president of the scheme, and among the vice-presidents is Mr. R. A. Yerburgh. Any further information will be gladly given by myself, the hon. secretary.—A. M. ILKS, East Clevedon Vicarage, Somerset.

## ENCOURAGING THE LABOURER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—How often we hear of the glamour of the town, the extraordinary facilities and encouragement therein given to the labourer to become an artisan, while the opportunities of the rural labourer are belittled. Now, after years of mixing with both classes, I must say that I really pity the lot of the townsman. He has high wages and short hours, but he has for a home a little doorway leading into a narrow passage, perhaps allowing the daylight to creep in at the other end through a small backyard, a replica of thousands of similar homes on all sides. He has his wages fixed at trade union rates; if the scale is higher he gets it, if lower he accepts or strikes. We hear of the wretched accommodation of the country cottage, but in the majority of instances there is pure air on three sides of it, if not always on the fourth, and a bit of garden ground where the labourer can find pleasure and profit, and provide wholesome food for his family. Again, what chance is there for the city worker to win profitable honour and recognition in his trade? The farm labourer has many a chance. In the winter-time there is prize-money to be won at ploughing matches, at hedging and ditching competitions. There are money prizes given in many districts for the best-kept harness and horses, and the shepherds on the Downs get a reward for the greatest percentage of lambs. With the coming of summer many agricultural societies give liberal prizes to the man who can best milk a cow or thatch a mow. If he brings up his numerous family to the credit of himself and the benefit of the community, there are further prizes, and if he has a predilection for one locality and one farm, and labours long and truly on it, are there not also prizes for this? After all, which is looked after best and has the most encouragement, the urban or the rural labourer?—E.

## LE PUY AND ITS LACE-WORKERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In every narrow lane, in every small courtyard, women are bending over their lace pillows at Le Puy—sometimes in groups, with tiny children



LACE-MAKING UNDER A SUNNY SKY.

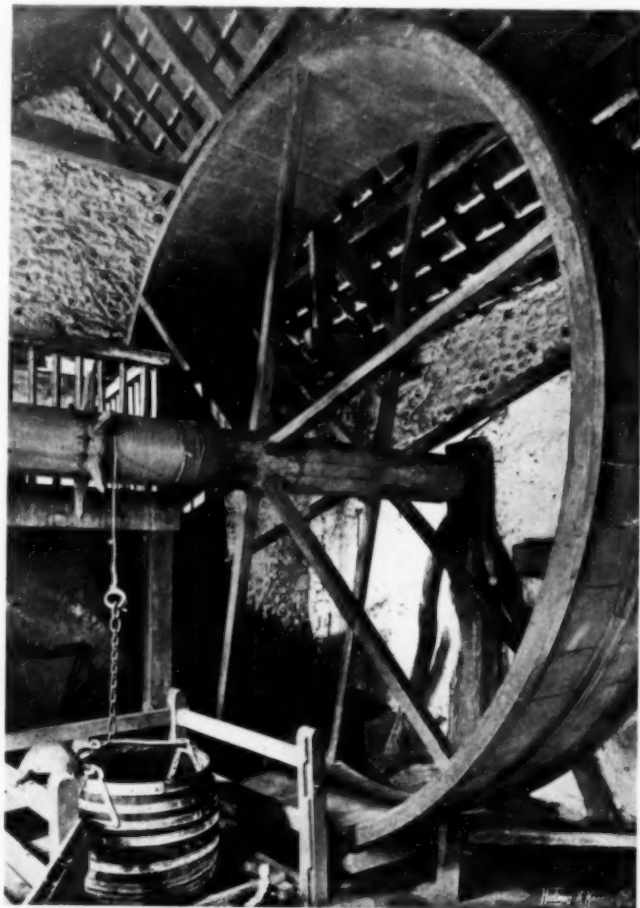
learning the first simple patterns; sometimes an old woman in spotless white cap sitting alone in her doorway, with the light falling on the bobbins as they flash backwards and forwards with incredible rapidity, or a picturesque group are seated at the foot of the long flight of steps hewn in the rock

leading to the beautiful tenth century oratory of S. Michel d'Aiguille, which is oval in form to fit the pinnacle of rock on which it is built, "le roc étonnant de S. Michel."—M. H. BICKNELL.

## CURIOUS WELL WHEEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph of a singular well wheel. This novel drawer of water is in daily use at Bovey House, near Seaton, Devon, and is worked



A MAN-DRIVEN WATER WHEEL.

by two men running inside the wheel. It is dated 1868, but replaces one of a very ancient date. At the bottom of the well, 130ft. deep, is a small recess, which is reputed to have been used in the past as a secret hiding-place.—A. HARTLEY.

## WANTED—AN OLD-WORLD FISHING VILLAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could any of your readers tell me of an unspoilt old-world village, on sea, river or estuary, where there is a certain amount of fishing and rough craft. The quieter the better. Simple cottage lodging, farmhouse or inn would satisfy—ARTIST.

## DO SQUIRRELS BREED IN CONFINEMENT?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent in the issue of October 30th, writing about "The Love of Squirrels for the Sun," asks if they ever breed in confinement. It may interest her to hear that some years ago I reared two young squirrels, from separate nests, that in the course of time they had young ones, in two successive seasons, and that they all lived, but were never so tame as their parents. Of course, the parents had plenty of liberty and, except at night, were generally playing about in a room given up to them.—SYDNEY MORRIS.

## THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT OF INSPECTORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Why not call a thing by its right name? If you desire to modify the terms of denunciation, the good English language can provide the means; but there seems to be no call to excuse practices often blatantly and obviously "local axe to grind" in men appointed to the rank and file of the regiment, and especially when—as in some cases not obscure to find—the very law they are supposed to enforce affords them the means of doing so, or doing not, just according to circumstances, like the Tammany laws of New York, where even poor old apple-women only sell apples in the streets by leave of office, and signboards are often hung below the line which was fixed by the Grandmotherly Government! Grandfather "Tammany" and Mrs. Grandmother walk hand in hand and reap good crops of dollars as they wink along the regimental lines of their own creations. Let us see that Great Britain does not sink so low as that, and be careful about the insertion of even the thinnest wedge. Laws are passed, and the best of them have all the backbone excised, and only a wobbly, gelatinous, easily mouldable and easily moulded mass left, often—to those who can see at all—as transparent as colourless jelly and as inert and "fashionless" in any right direction, stranded like jelly-fish on a lee shore of doubt and conundrum, barely soluble by the authors or amenders themselves.—SCORUS.



